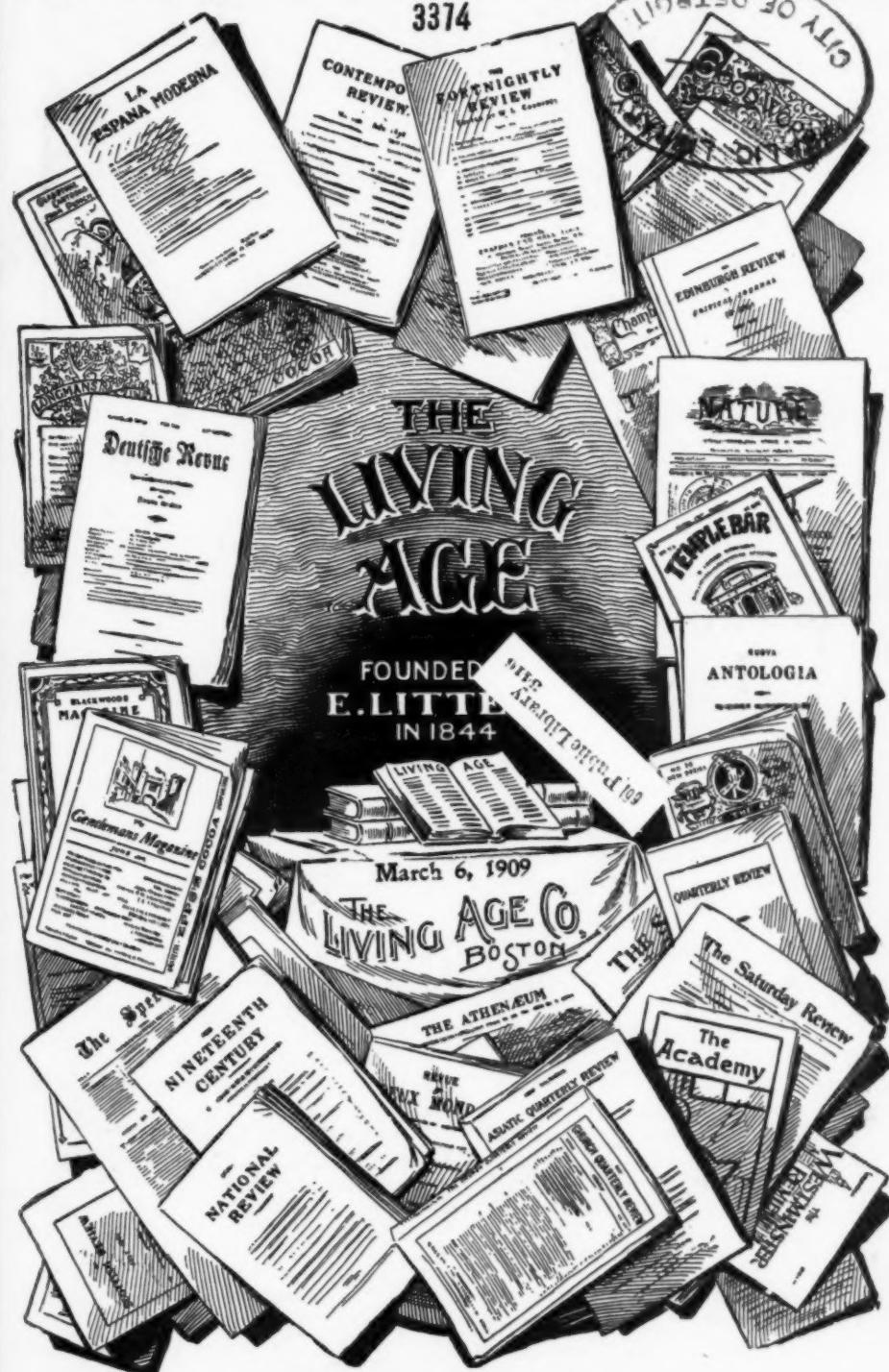


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3374



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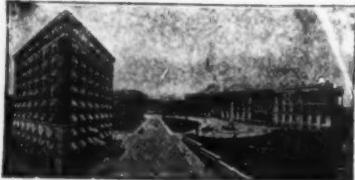
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VOL. CCLX

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AMORIS INTEGRATIO.

In the garden, every moment, wither'd
leaves are trembling down,
And the sward looks dim and dreary,
and the trees are bare or brown,
And the autumn flowers are dying, and
the birds are sad and few;
And there's nothing left unchanged, ex-
cept the love I have for you.

All the sky is void of color, all the earth
is gray and wan;
Nature shudders at her own doom, for
she shares the doom of Man:
And she recks not of the promise and
the beauty of the spring.—
Neither she nor all her children ever
think of such a thing!

Yet they will have that fair promise,
It will come to one and all,
And the self-same trees will blossom,
and the self-same birds will call;
They will call to one another, they will
pipe and sing again,
To the hearts of other women, to the
hopes of other men.

But they will not call their old mates,
they have new ones every year;
For their loves are short and fleeting,
and their only home is here:
They know nothing of a future where
the souls that once were two
Now are wholly one for ever, you in
me and I in you.

Arthur Munby.

The Spectator.

HEUREUX QUI COMME ULYSSE.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

Happy who like Ulysses or that lord
Who raped the Fleece, returning full
and sage
With usage and the world's wide rea-
son stored,
With his own kin can wait the end of
age.

When shall I see, when shall I see,
God knows
My little village smoke, or pass the
door,

The old, dear door of that unhappy
house

That is to me a kingdom and much
more.

Mightier to me the house my father
made,

Than your audacious heads, oh, halls
of Rome,

More than immortal marbles unde-
cayed,

The thin, sad slates that cover up my
home.

More than your Tiber is my Loire to
me,

Than Palatine my little Liré there,
And more than all the winds of all the
sea

The quiet kindness of the Angevin
air.

Gilbert Chesterton.

A PRAYER TO TIME.

Move onward, Time, and bring us
sooner free

From this self-clouding turmoll
where we ply.

On others' errands driven continually:
O lead us to our own souls ere we
die!

We toil for that we love not; thou con-
cealest

Our true loves from us: all we thirst
to attain

Thou darkly holdest, and alone reveal-
est

A mirror that our sighs for ever
stain.

Art thou so jealous of our full delight?
Thou takest on strength, toil, fervor.
and sweet youth;

And when thou hast taken these, thou
givest sight

At last to see and to endure the
truth.

Thou art too swift to our weak steps:
but, oh,

To our desire thou movest, Time, how
slow!

Laurence Binyon.

WAR AT THE PRESENT DAY.

This article, which appeared in the January number of the "Deutsche Revue," is universally ascribed to one of Germany's ablest and most distinguished soldiers, General Count von Schlieffen, a former Chief of the Great General Staff, and may be regarded as embodying the collective wisdom of that illustrious body. It derives additional importance from having been read aloud by the German Emperor to a gathering of his Generals on New Year's Day and emphatically endorsed by his Majesty.

The Treaty of Frankfort closed the conflict between Germany and France in outward appearance only, for although arms were laid down a latent war continued.

One of the two antagonists discovered a repeating rifle, discharging a bullet of longer range and greater destructive effect than had before been used. It was obvious that before long the other side would still further improve on this rapid-firing rifle, and would produce one capable of discharging bullets of yet greater range and still more destructive power. As the result of the efforts of either side to outdo the other, each combatant ultimately succeeded in obtaining a weapon which seemed hardly capable of further improvement. Each was absorbed in the endeavor to gain an advantage over the enemy in the war of revenge, then believed to be imminent, by means of superior weapons. Each strove to reproduce the situation of 1866, when one combatant took the field armed with the needle-gun, whereas the other had only the muzzle-loader. There were moments, as the years went on, when one or other of the two nations believed it had obtained such an advantage, and seemed only to await a favorable opportunity of sending a declaration of war into the opposite camp. Confidence in the new weapons, which had only been produced after the greatest efforts, was, however, never so complete as to overcome doubts and scruples on other points. The time lost in hesitation permitted each adversary in turn to make up the lost ground, and perhaps even to take the lead.

The other Powers could not afford to watch this duel of armaments with indifference. Those who wished to have a voice in the politics of Europe and of the world at large had to take care that they did not fall too far behind the standard set up by France and Germany in the matter of armaments. It was not necessary that they should take part in every single phase of the competition; it sufficed for them to profit by the practical experience gained, and thus attain a similar end with less effort and at lower cost.

After a few decades, the Franco-German competition, and the assiduous efforts of engineers have provided nearly all the armies, not only of Europe, but also of the Far East and West, with weapons of practically the same value. Rifles and guns are light and handy, easily loaded, and rapidly fired; they have great range and precision, and command a vast field of fire. The new powder betrays neither the marksman nor the weapon by visible smoke. Guns have been reduced in weight by the adoption of a minimum calibre, thus permitting a larger supply of ammunition to be carried, and rendering it possible fully to utilize their rapidity of fire. It would now appear unnecessary to attempt further improvements or to goad inventors to fresh efforts. The ideal weapon has been attained. No sooner has a projectile left the barrel than another can follow it. Given a steady hand and a sure eye the most distant object can be hit. The velocity of the missile is so great that practically the whole area between the muzzle and the target is swept with fire. Bullets cannot be

further reduced in size, as they are only just large enough to put a civilized European out of action with fair certainty, and not large enough to disable the stalwart barbarian of non-European regions.

Troops drawn up in close order, and even men in open order, dare not expose themselves to the rain of projectiles beating upon open ground. So far back as Mars-la-Tour, a Prussian regiment advancing to the attack in close order against weapons of an imperfect type, to-day regarded as obsolete, lost in the course of half an hour 68 per cent. of its strength. Three years ago the Japanese Nambu Brigade paid for its boldness by a loss of 90 per cent. in a very short space of time, while in South Africa a single marksman under cover shot down fourteen of the enemy with ease.

If a magnificent triumph has been achieved by this technical perfection of weapons, it has not rendered war any easier or given any advantage over the enemy, and this was what Germany and France sought and all the nations desired. Perfect weapons, possessed uniformly and impartially by all, have produced fresh complications and further difficulties. It is easy enough to assert that, with the aid of these efficient weapons, the enemy can be mowed down and annihilated, but the real problem to be solved is this—how are the assailants themselves to avoid destruction? A complete change of tactics has become necessary. It is no longer possible, as in the eighteenth century, for opposing forces to march on one another in two lines, and when at sufficiently close quarters to fire at one another. With such tactics in a few minutes both armies would be annihilated. Deep columns such as Napoleon employed can no longer storm a hostile position, as they would be torn to pieces by a hail of shrapnel. Nor is it any longer possible,

as was believed until recently, to overcome the enemy by the fire of dense masses of riflemen. They would be speedily mown down. It is only by the use of cover in the shape of trees and houses, of walls and trenches, of rising ground and hollows, that the infantry can hope to approach the enemy. Now lying down, now kneeling, now standing, they must, without allowing themselves to be seen, make for such slight cover as offers itself, endeavoring meanwhile to beat down the enemy's fire with their own, and then rush forward to the next bit of cover, there to resume their fire. But however well supplied the battlefield may be with cover, sooner or later they will reach an open space offering no shelter whatever from the enemy. If this space is small, a rapid attack should be launched on the defenders, stunned by the continuous fire. If the space to be covered is extensive, the only course for the advancing force to take would be to dig their own shelter, as in siege operations, and to work their way forward from trench to trench, when possible, under cover of darkness.

In this operation it is the business of the artillery to help and support the infantry. By its fire the artillery can divert the attention of the enemy's guns from advancing infantry, cautiously fighting their way forward, and can search the hiding places of the enemy's infantry and shatter the cover behind which they have crept. If it is to do its work successfully the artillery must endeavor to protect itself from the devastating fire of the enemy, and as it is not so easy a matter to conceal a gun as it is to hide a man, it becomes necessary to resort to the means of defence employed in former days, and efforts must be made to obtain protection—at all events against gun and shrapnel fire—by means of armored shields.

In order to find sufficient cover to enable an effective fire to be directed upon an almost invisible target, and to advance rapidly, it is imperative for the infantry to have elbow-room. To fight successfully, the infantry must operate, not in close order, but in an extended line, about a man to a yard; not in several open ranks, but in one rank. Other lines of men will follow at not too small intervals. They will close in as soon as the available cover permits. Their duty is to replace losses, to fill up the gaps, to be ready for unexpected eventualities, to act as supports. If the number of men in the firing-line is to be kept at the old figures the extended line must cover a yet wider front. The firing-line will therefore occupy more space than ever, if efforts are made to bring into action as many effective rifles as possible. Yet this can be accomplished without prejudicing the power of the troops for attack and defence, as a few rifles can accomplish to-day much more than a large number could in former times. It is only in the final charge with the bayonet that the ever-following supports will join the extended line in front of them.

The first effect of the improvement in weapons is thus to produce a great extension of the firing-line. Whereas the wars of the last two centuries were fought by troops and their supports, drawn up in close order with from ten to fifteen men to the yard of front, and whereas even so late as forty years ago it was customary to have ten men to the pace, in the Far Eastern War from 1904-5, three men per yard was the rule, and when necessary even this figure was reduced. Neither combatant entered on the war with a hard and fast rule as to the extent of the firing-line, or troubled to apply the theories formed in time of peace. The force of circumstances, the natural endeavor to keep under cover and yet to

bring superior weapons into play, evolved the extended firing-line. The experiences gained in the war in the Far East will undoubtedly repeat themselves in the next European war. The battlefields of the future must and will assume quite different dimensions from those to which we have been accustomed in the past. Armies of the strength of those at Königgrätz and Gravelotte-St. Privat would at the present day cover more than four times the space that they covered at that time. But where would the 220,000 men of Königgrätz and the 186,000 of Gravelotte be against the hordes which are destined to take the field in a future war?

So late as forty years ago Universal Service was the privilege of Prussia, the enjoyment of which this "narrow-minded" military state was envied by no one. Since 1866 and 1870 nearly every other Power has hastened to adopt this secret of success, and from that time forward every man in possession of health and strength has been sent into barracks. To obtain vast numbers the period of service with the colors has been reduced as much as possible, while the period of training for war has been increased to the utmost. Every Power is bound to keep up a maximum number of battalions, for those who lag behind run the risk of extinction.

Since Germany with a population of 62 millions, takes yearly 250,000 recruits, each man liable for nineteen years service, while France with 40 million inhabitants takes 220,000 recruits annually, with a 25 years term of service, it is evident that Germany in case of war would have 4,750,000 men at her disposal against 5,500,000 Frenchmen. But these numbers, apart from the losses inevitable with the lapse of time, are more or less imaginary. A man who after he has left barracks enters a factory or coal

mine, cannot be expected after fifteen years to remember the training he learnt with his regiment. The rifle which he used as a recruit has probably long since been bartered to the blacks in distant colonies. He regards the new weapon placed in his hands with as much suspicion as one of the Dessauer's¹ Grenadiers would have displayed towards a needle-gun. The factory worker who is accustomed to go to his work of a morning and return at night on his bicycle will find it difficult to march twenty or twenty-five miles a day, loaded with rifle, ammunition and knapsack. The men of the Landwehr and Landsturm, Territorial Army and Territorial Reserve, will be of very limited and dubious efficiency. A large contingent, moreover, will have to be detailed to garrison the fortresses. Taking into consideration the conditions of 1870 when the Landsturm counted for nothing at all, and the Landwehr for very little, and when out of a nominal force of 1,200,000 men only 500,000 constituted the field army, we may estimate the latter at the present day at something over a million men. This is, however, a large army compared with the armies of former times, and it is, further, a huge force for those who have to lead it and set it in motion. At the same time, it is small when we remember that it is not assured either of superiority in weapons, as it was in 1866, or of superiority over the enemy in numbers, as it was in 1870. Such an army would only be sufficient if it were possible to keep its masses together so as to work in concert for the object in view. Were this possible, it is not necessary that the whole number should be united on a single field of battle twenty times as large as that of Königgrätz. Did not the little battle of Dresden consist of two

separate engagements? Were not three distinct battles fought on October 16 at Leipsic? Did not Le Mans fall after a number of isolated skirmishes? It is through identity of general aim in the various forces and not by maintaining actual contact on the field that one successful action will secure victory in the other conflicts. This much is however certain, that battles, whether fought on one connected battlefield or in separate localities, combats whether isolated or forming part of one general engagement, will be decided on battlefields far more extensive than the theatres of former military operations.

But however extensive the battlefield may be, little will meet the eye. Nothing will be visible in the vast space. Were the ears not deafened by the thunder of the artillery, the enemy's presence would only be betrayed by dim flashes of fire. It will be difficult to tell whence the infantry fire comes save that from time to time here and there a thin line will be seen to leap forward and as suddenly disappear. No cavalry will be visible. The cavalry will accomplish their task beyond the range of view of the other two arms. There will be no Napoleon on the heights, surrounded by a brilliant staff. Even with the most powerful field-glasses there would be little for him to see. His gray horse would be but an easy mark for innumerable batteries. The General Officer Commanding will be found in a house far to the rear, in a spacious room where telephone, telegraph, wireless and signal apparatus will be at hand. Motor-cars and bicycles will be waiting outside ready to carry despatches for long distances. There in comfortable surroundings will sit the modern Alexander, with a map of the battlefield before him. Thence he will telephone his weighty orders, and there he will receive reports from subordinate Gen-

¹ "The Dessauer" is Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau (1676-1747).—Translator.

erals, from commanders of captive balloons and airships, posted along the line to watch the movements of the enemy and note their positions. These reports will differ from those of former times, less in substance than in number. Almost invariably they will announce, as for centuries past, that the enemy is being steadily reinforced, that the artillery is suffering great losses, that the infantry is not able to advance, and reinforcements are urgently required. The General Commanding will not be in a position to comply with these requests. Even if he has retained a strong Reserve, this would soon be exhausted were he to send reinforcements in every direction, sometimes to a distance of many miles or of a day's march, in response to demands for assistance which appear fully justified. As the battle must be fought at every point with a smaller number of troops than in the past, the despatch of strong reinforcements to any quarter would merely swell the losses, on account of the infantry's inability to find cover. The essential task of the General Officer Commanding is fulfilled if, before a collision with the enemy takes place, he has issued instructions to every corps as to the direction it must take, and pointed out to them as well as possible the object they must keep in view throughout the day. The march to battle will commence the moment the troops have detrained from their railway carriages. Some corps and divisions will march rapidly; others will follow making halts on the way, but all will have to reach their position in the order of battle indicated by headquarters. Since the firing-line will be extended, the columns will march to the battlefield with the same intervals between them as will exist on the field. The term "Concentration for battle" will lose its significance. Those corps which come into contact with the enemy will have

to fight their battle, without looking for further support. With 144 excellent guns, instead of, as formerly, 84 inferior weapons, and with 25,000 admirable rifles, each corps should be able to accomplish ten times as much as in the days of the muzzle-loader. A corps extended to three times the breadth which was the rule forty years ago is not split up, but on the contrary has its former fighting power augmented. Presenting such a fighting front, it is in a good position to attack, to maintain advantages gained, to conceal its losses up to 50 per cent., and yet retain a reserve for the final onset.

A protracted and laborious task it will certainly be, thus to keep up the fight in the firing-line as it rushes from cover to cover, creeping forward on the enemy, and to hold out for long days and nights, ever in readiness to meet a counter-attack.

All the corps will not enter the field on the first day. At the battle of Leipsic it was not until the evening of the third day that the last corps of the allied forces appeared anywhere near the theatre of operations. Battles lasting several days were the rule in the latter half of the war of 1870-1, e.g., at Orleans, Le Mans, &c. Similarly the battles of the future, when vast numbers are operating in immense areas, will extend over many days, if not over a fortnight, as in the battle of Mukden. As each day passes, the General Commanding will exhort the troops in the thick of the fight to fresh efforts, while the corps not yet on the battlefield will be kept on the march, or will receive fresh instructions in the event of a change of tactics.

These long-drawn-out battles will certainly not be more bloody than of old. The daily loss of life in the Far Eastern campaign was only 2 to 3 per cent., as against 40 to 50 per cent. in the days of Napoleon and Frederick the Great. The fourteen days of Muk-

den cost Russia and Japan less than the few hours of Mars-la-Tour cost the Germans and the French.

The Russo-Japanese War has shown that a frontal attack on the enemy may be successful in spite of the difficulties attending it, but the advantages of such an operation are insignificant even under the most favorable conditions. The enemy may be driven back, but will soon recover from the temporary check and take up a fresh position, and the campaign will drag on. Such a mode of warfare will, however, be impossible where the existence of a nation depends on the unbroken course of its trade and industry, the stationary wheels of which must be set once more in motion by a quick decision. Tactics of exhaustion are not practicable where the support of millions demands the expenditure of milliards. In order to gain a complete and annihilating victory, it is necessary to attack from two or three sides, that is to say, on the front and from one or both flanks. Such an attack is comparatively easy for an army to carry out which possesses a great numerical advantage, but under present conditions such an advantage could rarely be assumed. The troops required for a vigorous flank attack can only be obtained by weakening the force opposing the enemy's front to the utmost extent; but however depleted this force may be, it must not be content to remain under cover, draw upon itself the enemy's fire, and merely hold the opposing force. It must in all circumstances take the offensive and advance against the enemy's front. It was for this purpose that the long-range rapid-firing rifle was invented, as it replaces a far larger number of men, armed with obsolete weapons, and serves all tactical purposes, given the necessary ammunition. Instead of accumulating reserves behind the front, which must remain inactive and

may not be on the spot at the critical moment, it is better to provide abundant ammunition for the final effort. The wagon-loads of cartridges following in the rear constitute the best and most reliable reserve. All the troops which otherwise would have been kept in the background, and which would have dealt the decisive blow, must now be led direct to the flank attack. The stronger the force on which this duty devolves, the more effective will be the attack.

To deliver an assault on the enemy's flank it is essential to know where the flanks are. The task of discovering this has up to the present devolved on the cavalry. We may hope that it will in future be the duty of a fleet of dirigible airships, which will be able to command a better view from above than can be obtained by the cavalry, whose outlook is obscured by hills, woods, &c. But just as the cavalry, before they could execute their mission, had first of all to drive the hostile cavalry from the field, so airships will have to engage in a battle with the enemy's craft in the upper regions. Success will then be to the lightly-built aeroplane which is able to mount higher than its adversary, as it can drop deadly bombs on the enemy below, withdrawing with the utmost speed in order to escape the ascending tongues of flame.

The cavalry, practically relieved of the duties of reconnaissance, will direct all the fire it can command, with its artillery, machine guns, and long-range carbines, against the enemy's rear. It will then inevitably encounter the hostile cavalry, and must overcome the latter before it is ready to accomplish its essential task, for in the wars of the future one thing is certain that, as a rule, artillery will have to fight against artillery, cavalry against cavalry, airship against airship, before they can all combine in helping

the infantry to attain the final victory. Thus the course of future wars will be far from simple. After the close of the Franco-German War, France and Germany erected fortifications on the newly created frontier, in the one case against a fresh invasion, in the other case as a defence against a war of revenge. Germany confined herself to the work of strengthening the newly-won fortresses of Strassburg and Metz. France proceeded to build an almost uninterrupted barrier along the upper Moselle and the Meuse, which was to cover the whole of her eastern frontier from Switzerland to Belgium. Germany was thus placed in a difficult position. Even if she entertained no ideas of conquest, she could not quietly watch her revengeful enemy, who was waiting in secure entrenchments the favorable moment to make a forward move. The best defence was regarded as lying in attack. To adopt this course, had the need arisen, Germany required to be unshackled. She did not, as was suggested by some, oppose a line of forts to the French line of forts, but sought to create for herself a new offensive weapon. The heavy artillery was supplied with special shells of a calibre hitherto unknown, which no wall and no fortress could resist. But this secret did not remain long inviolate. Projectiles as annihilating were invented by the opposing side. Since then a long and bitter duel between the engineer and the artillery expert has been in progress, and it is a duel that still rages. The artilleryman seeks continually to discover yet more modern, more powerful and more accurate guns and more destructive projectiles; the engineer plans ever more impenetrable defences. This duel could no more be viewed with indifference by neighboring countries than was the other competition in rifles and guns for success in the open field. It was generally taken for

granted that peaceable Germany still contemplated a marauding expedition against the pleasant valleys of the Seine and the Loire. As the direct route was closed to her, it was assumed that she would seek to avoid this formidable barrier by passing through Switzerland or Belgium. To forestall such an attack on the right wing, France promptly fortified the passes of the Jura, while on the left wing Belgium came to her assistance. The great highways on the banks of the Meuse and the Sambre have been blocked by forts; behind them Antwerp towers as an impregnable stronghold. Holland made the utmost endeavor to support her neighbor in order to protect herself as well as France against German aggression. Even this was not enough. It was presumed that Italy, having not long before lost provinces to France, would take advantage of a German attack on France to win back what she had lost. All the highways and byways which crossed the heights separating the two countries must therefore be barricaded. Italy saw in the French fortifications not so much a means of defence as a threat, and hastened to meet fort with fort, battery with battery, bulwark with bulwark, and to erect a complete system of fortifications on the eastern side of the Alps to correspond with that on the western side. Thus before two decades had elapsed since the close of the Franco-German war, a Chinese wall had been erected from the Zuyder Zee to the Mediterranean with the object of preventing any repetition of a ruinous invasion.

The possibility now remained that the Italians might join their German allies on this side of the Chinese wall, and, crossing the Alps, pour their united forces like a stream bursting its banks, past the fortifications into the coveted land. Switzerland was not slow to play her part in meeting this

urgent danger. The passes of St. Gothard and of the Rhone and Rhine valleys, every path from inaccessible glacier to towering peak, was closed by defences, and forts were built and garrisoned amid the eternal snows.

These imaginary German ambitions of conquest, against which such an effectual barrier had been erected on one side, had now of course to seek another outlet. Prevented from marching on Paris, Germany would obviously be forced to turn her steps towards Moscow, so Russia felt constrained in her turn to erect fortifications against Germany. Stream, river and marsh aided her in her task. The German provinces on the other side of the Wesel were enclosed with a broad trench of marsh, the few passages over which were defended by ramparts and guns. Needless to say similar barriers were also erected against Austria, Germany's ally. Thus the States of the Triple Alliance were cut off on the east as on the west from the rest of Europe. In the north Denmark has transformed Copenhagen into a great stronghold, and thus dominates the entrance to the Baltic, while England possesses a mighty floating fortress which she can erect at any given moment in the North Sea, and by which she is always assured of an entry to Schleswig by way of some Danish harbor. The zeal exhibited in the erection of these numerous fortifications proved so contagious that finally Italy and her ally Austria proceeded to fortify themselves against one another. The ring of iron which had thus been forged round Germany and Austria remained open on one side only—that of the Balkans. This aperture has now been closed by Turkey, Servia and Montenegro, while Bulgaria and Roumania are being forced into the Austrian camp.

This then is the military position of Europe to-day. In the centre stand

unprotected Germany and Austria; around them, securely entrenched, the remaining Powers. The military position corresponds with the political situation. Almost insoluble differences exist between the encircled Powers and surrounding nations. France has not abandoned the revenge sworn in 1871, and just as the idea of revenge called the whole of Europe to arms, so it is now the pivotal-point of European politics. The immense development of Germany's industry and commerce has brought her another irreconcilable enemy. The hatred of a formerly despised rival can neither be appeased by assurances of sincere friendship and heartfelt sympathy, nor can it be aggravated by inflammatory speeches. It is no longer emotion, but debit and credit, which regulate the intensity of national resentment. Russia is still dominated by the time-honored antipathy of the Slav for the German, by her traditional sympathy with the Latin race, and by her financial indebtedness to her ancient ally, and still persists in throwing herself into the arms of that Power which is capable of doing her the utmost injury. Italy, shut out from all expansion towards the west, believes that the invasion of foreigners who crossed the Alps into the fruitful fields of Lombardy, is not yet finished; she will tolerate foreigners neither on the southern slopes of the mountains nor on the coast of the Adriatic.

It is not certain that these passions and desires will be transformed into aggressive action, but it is obvious that strenuous efforts are being made to combine all these Powers for a united attack on the centre. At the appointed moment the doors will be opened, the drawbridges will be let down, and armies numbered by the million will pour over the Vosges, Meuse, Königs-Au, Niemen, Bug, and even over the Isonzo and the Tirolean Alps, devastating and annihilating. The

danger seems appalling, but it diminishes in proportion as one approaches it.

England cannot destroy German trade without materially injuring her own. Her own well-being and advantage demand that she should allow her detested competitor, who is at the same time her best customer, to live. Before she can carry out her projected landing on the coast of Jutland, she must await telegrams from Africa, from India, from the far East, from America. If she is to set the world in flames she will have something better to do than to let her army be arrested in Schleswig, according to the Bismarckian recipe. Russia when in full possession of her strength and power withstood all the efforts of her allies to entice her into an attack, and it may be doubted whether the temptation for her will be greater now that she has had experience of modern warfare. France intends only to satisfy her cooling desire for revenge, provided she has allies. All are apprehensive of the appalling expense, the possible losses that loom in the background like a red spectre. Compulsory service, which seeks to transform high and low, rich and poor, into so much common food for powder, has damped their military ardor. Men, warm and secure behind the walls of fortresses deemed impregnable, are showing less and less desire to come out in the open and bare their breasts to the fight. Gun foundries, ammunition factories, and steam-hammers have done more to promote friendly relations and amiable concessions than any Peace Congress. Each has his misgivings about attacking a numerous and well-armed foe, and hesitates from using his own weapons of destruction, on the creation of which such labor has been expended, and which he himself distrusts his ability to handle. And even were all anxieties forgotten, all difficulties overcome,

and the resolution taken to make the fateful forward move, on every lip would be trembling the anxious question: Will the others come too? Will distant allies arrive in time? Shall we not have to face the overwhelming force of the enemy forsaken and alone? It is such doubts as these that induce other nations to remain inactive, to bide their time, to postpone revenge, to let the half-drawn sword fall back in its scabbard.

From beyond the Channel comes the cry, "The Coalition is ready." That it will ever proceed to hostile action is nevertheless doubtful, and moreover, such action is at present quite unnecessary. The position which the allied Powers have taken up is so advantageous that in itself it constitutes a constant menace, and automatically acts on German nerves, already jarred by commercial struggles and industrial crises. In order to escape this oppression, the temptation is to yield, to submit to demands, to forego one advantage after another.

But even while this struggle is proceeding, the scene has suddenly changed. Recent events in the Balkans have chained the hands of Austria for a considerable time to come. She seeks help from her ally, and can offer none in return. By their tactics their adversaries have succeeded in forcing Germany and Austria into different camps, in preventing them from overcoming with united and overwhelming strength one adversary after another. Austria's front must be to the south, that of Germany to the west, while Russia reserves to herself the position of arbiter in either case.

But although their position is more favorable than ever, the surrounding enemies do not seem anxious to take up arms. Their scruples are not yet overcome. Even apart, Austria and Germany are too strong. They must first be weakened by internal strife.

in Austria racial disputes must be as-set forth. In the coming conflict, sedulously fomented by sympathetic dip—whether it is fought sword in hand or diplomatic representations, by bellicose otherwise, what is essential for German deputations, and by war-cries in the many is a "united nation of brothers," Press. We have seen only recently in appearance at any rate, as well as how in Germany a similar object is to a great, a strong, and a mighty army, be attained by the publication of a governed by a firm hand, and inspired short newspaper article in which a by unquestioning confidence. number of old grievances were skilfully

The National Review.

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MILTON AND DANTE: A COMPARISON AND A CONTRAST.

No celebrations in our time have been more serious, more scholarly, or more impressive, than the various gatherings held during the recently concluded year, in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Milton. The earliest was held, with peculiar appropriateness, at Christ's College, Cambridge, in the month of June. In the hall of the college was given a dinner, presided over by the Master, who had gathered round him men holding high positions alike at Cambridge and Oxford, and poets, scholars, artists, historians, and essayists of true distinction. On this occasion an admirable eulogium of Milton was pronounced by Mr. Mackail. The dinner was succeeded by a representation of "Comus" in the theatre of the town, by the students of the University, with all the charm that usually accompanies the efforts of competent amateurs. With the advent of the exact date of the tercentenary the celebrations were many in number and interesting in variety; and in these the members of the British Academy took a prominent part. On December 9 a musical celebration was held in the afternoon in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, at which the Bishop of Ripon delivered an eloquent sermon; and at the same hour the writer of this paper gave a private lecture before the

Dante Society, from the notes of which this article is expanded. In the evening he had the honor of attending and responding to the toast of Poetry, proposed by the Italian ambassador, at the banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House, to the largest and most impressive gathering of men of eminence in letters, the arts, the drama, the law, and the Legislature, that has ever met in that spacious hall of traditionally magnificent hospitality. A week later a performance of "Samson Agonistes" was given in the Burlington Theatre before a large and representative audience. The more serious section of the daily press, moreover, allotted much space to reports of the celebrations in honor of Milton, the "Times" maintaining in this respect its best traditions.

No one, therefore, can say that the birth, the poetry and prose, the character and the career and the influence of Milton have not been solemnly celebrated by his countrymen. But it is necessary to add, in the interests of truth, that the celebrations were essentially and exclusively scholarly, and were hardly, if at all, shared in by the nation at large. The intellectual sympathies of the educated were warmly touched, but the heart of the British people was not reached.

Now let us turn—for the subject of

this paper is not Milton alone, but Milton and Dante—to the sexcentenary of the birth of Dante in the city of Florence, the month and year of his birth having been May, 1265. I had been spending the winter in the City of Flowers, and I could not leave it, in order to journey northward, till after the Dante Commemoration had been held. I shall never forget it. From dawn to dusk the entire Florentine people held joyous festival; and, with the coming of night, not only the entire city, its palaces, its bridges, its Duomo, its Palazzo Vecchio, that noblest symbol of civic liberty, but indeed all its thoroughfares and the banks of its river broke into lovely light produced by millions of little cressets filled with olive oil, and every villa round was similarly illuminated. The pavement of the famous square of the Uffizi Palace was boarded over; and overhead was spread a canvas covering dyed with the three Italian national colors. Thither thronged hundreds of peasant men and women, who danced and made merry till the early hours of the morning. At the Pagliano Theatre were given *tableaux vivants* representing the most famous episodes in the "Divina Commedia," Ristori, Salvini, and Rossi reciting the corresponding passages from that immortal poem.

What a comparison, what a contrast it suggests between the solemn, serious, but limited honor done by us to Milton, and the exultant, universal, national honor paid by his countrymen to Dante! I should add that eight thousand Italian municipalities sent a delegation carrying their local pennons to the square of Santa Croce, where a statue of Dante was unveiled, amid thunderous applause, to popular gaze.

Now let us turn to a more personal contrast between the two poets. To many persons, probably to most in these days, the most interesting feature in the life of a poet is his relation

to the sex that is commonly assumed, perhaps not quite correctly, to be the more romantic of the two. In comparing Dante and Milton in that respect one is struck at once by the fact that, while with Dante are not only associated, but inseparably interwoven, the name and person of Beatrice, so that the two seem in our minds but one, knit by a spiritual love stronger even than any bond sanctioned by domestic law for happiness and social stability, Milton had no Beatrice. It would be idle to contend that the absence of such love has not detracted, and will not continue to detract, from the interest felt in Milton and his poetry, not perhaps by scholars, but by the world at large, and the average lover of poetry and poets. For just as women can do much, to use a phrase of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, towards "making a poet out of a man," so can they do even more, either by spiritual influence or by consummate self-sacrifice, to widen the field and deepen the intensity of his fame. No poet ever enjoyed this advantage so conspicuously as Dante. It will perhaps be said that this was effected more by himself than by her. Let us not be too sure of that. In Italy, far more than in northern climes, first avowals of love are made by the eyes rather than by the tongue, by tell-tale looks more than by explicit words. What says Shakespeare, who knew men and women equally well?

A murderous guilt shows not itself
more soon
Than love that would seem hid.
Love's night is noon.

Dante's own account of his first meeting with Beatrice confirms this surmise. This is what he himself says, after Beatrice, as Boccaccio relates, "very winning, very graceful, in aspect very beautiful," had turned her gaze on Dante from time to time at their first meeting. "At that moment the spirit

of life which abides in the most secret chamber of the heart began to tremble, and tremulously it spake these words, 'Behold a god stronger than I, who cometh to lord it over me.' These may perhaps seem strange words in which to record the first meeting of a boy of nine with a girl of eight. But, over and above the fact that they are the record, written several years later, of the feeling aroused by that first meeting, allowance must be made for the proverbial precocity of genius, and also for that of southern over northern temperaments. Its genuineness is confirmed by the whole sequel, as testified by the "Vita Nuova" and the "Divina Commedia"; the presiding presence of Beatrice in both having long before been anticipated by the words, "If it shall please Him, by whom all things live, to spare my life for some years longer, I hope to say that of her which never yet hath been said of any lady." How completely that hope was attained is to be seen in the closing canto of the "Purgatorio" and in the whole of the "Paradiso."

The life and poetry of Milton contain nothing (if exception be made of his beautiful and lofty sonnet, written in the very spirit of the "Divina Commedia," on his second wife, "Methought I saw my late espoused Saint") to compare with Dante's love, at once real and ideal, masculine yet mystical, for Beatrice. The language used by Eve in addressing Adam, in "Paradise Lost"—

My author and disposer, what thou bidst

Unargued I obey, so God ordains.
God is thy law, thou mine—

and the very choice of a subject the dominating incident of which is described by the well-known words, "She gave me of the tree, and I did eat," would almost seem to indicate that Milton's conception of woman, and his

attitude towards her, were such as can be attributed to no other poet. It is the attitude of unqualified masculine domination. Again, in "Samson Agonistes" the very centre and pith of the poem is the incorrigible frailty and inferiority of women—a thesis that would be extraordinary, even if true, for a poet. Samson starts with a reproof of himself for weakly revealing the secret of his strength to the persistent subtlety of a woman, "that specious monster, my accomplished snare," as he calls Dalila, since "yoked her bond-slave by foul effeminacy"—a servitude he stigmatizes as "ignominious and infamous," whereby he is "shamed, dishonored, quelled." When Dalila, profoundly penitent for what she has done, thereby incurring his displeasure, prostrates herself before him, and sues for pardon, he spurns her from him with the words,

Out, out, hysena! these are thy wonted arts,

and goes on to say they are the arts of every woman, "to deceive, betray," and then to "feign remorse." With abject humility she confesses that curiosity to learn all secrets, and then to publish them, are "common female faults incident to all our sex." This only causes him to insult and spurn her yet more fiercely; and he declares that God sent her to "debase him"—one of those theological peculiarities which apparently made God an accomplice with "this viper," for which the non-Calvinistic Christian finds it difficult to account.

Nor can it be said that Milton is here, like Shakespeare, speaking only dramatically and objectively. The Chorus in "Samson Agonistes" is of his opinion, declaring that the man is favored of heaven who discovers "one virtuous woman, rarely found"; and that is why

God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour.

After delivering itself of these opinions, the Chorus suddenly exclaims, "I see a storm," which, in the circumstances, is perhaps scarcely wonderful.

What a different note is this from that struck by Dante, when he speaks of "that blessed Beatrice, who now dwells in heaven with the angels, and on earth in my heart, and with whom my soul is still in love." Far from thinking that severe command on the part of the one and unquestioning submission on the part of the other form the proper relation of lover and maiden, husband and wife, Dante avers that

. Amor e cor gentil son' una cosa,

that love and a gracious gentle heart are one and the same thing; and in the "Paradiso," shortly before the close of the poem, he exclaims,

O Beatrice! dolce guida e cara.

It may perhaps be thought that one might be more lenient towards Milton's foibles, especially at such a time as the present, in contrasting his attitude towards woman with that of Dante. But in Milton there was so much that was noble, so pathetic, and even so attractive, that he can well afford to have the truth told concerning him; and to omit his view of the most important of all personal relations in life, as depicted for and bequeathed to us in his poetry, would be to leave an obvious gap of the utmost import in comparing and contrasting him with Dante.

But now let us ask, in order to redress the balance, what has Dante to show, in kind, against "Il Penseroso," "L'Allegro," "Lycidas," and "Comus"? I put the prose works of both poets

aside; and there remains on the side of Dante only the self-same Dante from first to last, the Dante of the "Vita Nuova" and the "Divina Commedia." Milton, as a poet, had, on the contrary, a brilliant, an attractive, and a poetically productive youth. If Dante ever was young in the same sense, he has left no trace of it in his poetry. Save for Beatrice, there is an austerity even in the most tender passages of his verse. He seems never to relax in his gravity; I had almost said, in his severity. His very love for Florence is expressed, for the most part, in harsh upbraiding. An unrelenting awe dominates his poetry. For Virgil he entertains a humble far-off reverence. There is no poet of whom it can be so truly said that he remained unchanged from first to last, and presents to us only one aspect throughout his works. In reading the English poet one finds oneself in the presence of two Miltons, not unlike each other in the splendid quality of the verse, but profoundly differing in tone, temperament, and outlook on life. In the author of "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Lycidas," and "Comus" there is a youthful buoyancy, an all-pervading cheerful seriousness worthy of one complacently but justly confident of his powers, in no degree at war with the world, but on amicable terms with it, and regarding life on the whole, and on its human side, as a thing to sympathize with and enjoy. Hear the young Milton's invitation to vernal exultation and joy:

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne.
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the
spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying;
There, on beds of violets blue.

And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

What is there in Dante to compare with that? There is much by way of contrast, but no note anywhere in his verse so generous, so exhilarating, so thoroughly human. And this is how Milton, in the April of his days, continues:

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreath'd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unrevöed pleasures free.

And what, in the yet happy and in no degree morose Milton, are the "unreproved pleasures?" They are:

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Where is the stern Puritan Milton in these cheerful, generous verses? Where the detester and active enemy of the Cavaliers in the lines that follow, dwelling proudly on the

Towers and battlements . . .
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,

the homes of the hereditary gentlemen of England? And think of the lines "Then to the spicy nut-brown ale," down to "The first cock his matin rings." They are almost Shakespearean in their sympathy with mirth and laughter, their enjoyment of harmless practical jokes, their boundless indulgence to human nature. And what is the conclusion of the poem?

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

There exists in no language a more lyrical outburst inspired by the heyday of life, and lavishly radiating rustic joy. They are as jocund as a gipsy rondeau of Haydn, as gracious as the tapestries of Fragonard, as tender as the Amorini of Albani, and as serenely cheerful as the matchless melodies of Mozart. You may read every line, whether in verse or prose, that Dante ever wrote, and you will come across no such springlike note as this. Frequently he is tearful, tender, pathetic, and paternally compassionate, but nowhere does he express the faintest sympathy with "Laughter holding both his sides."

Gradually, however, there stole over the younger Milton a great, a grave change. His domestic experiences with his first wife could not have ministered to his happiness or content; experiences partly caused by the somewhat worldly ideals and desires of his spouse, but still more, perhaps, by his theory that what the husband bids it is the duty of the wife "unargued to obey."

Meanwhile the promptings of his muse slackening for a long interval—an experience that has happened in the lives of other poets—he turned to prose, and to the controversial side of prose. Being of a dogmatic temperament, he quickly became involved in

the acerbities of political, theological, and ethical polemics. For a time he employed his uncompromising pen on what seemed to be the winning side. But the aims of the ruling party in the Commonwealth were not then, any more than they are now, in harmony with the main character and ideals of the English people; and Milton found himself not only in the camp of the vanquished, but indicated by his previous actions as an object for Anglican and Royalist retaliation. The buoyant elasticity of youth had subsided in him; even the generous vigor of early manhood had vanished; and he found himself, in advanced middle life, disappointed and disheartened. The natural austerity of his character and principles deepened with his new situation and changed outlook. He had fallen, as he thought, on evil days and evil tongues; and, scandalized by the sensual levity of the King's Court and favorites, he pondered with almost exultant and vindictive retrospect on Adam and Eve's first disobedience and its fruits, and devoted his severe genius and magnificent diction to justifying the ways of God to man.

The Milton of these later years was bowed down by many family vexations, some of them due, no doubt, to his own exacting character and ideas. He was baffled and beaten in the political field where he had been so doughty a combatant, and for a time a triumphant one, and was finally deprived of all hope of regaining his pristine position; and last, and saddest of all, there fell on him total blindness, which, after his magnificent apostrophe to "holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born," he touchingly laments in the well-known but never too often to be recited passage in the third book of "Paradise Lost":

I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down

The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit
safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but
thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in
vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no
dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd
their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the
more
Cease I to wander where the Muses
haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny
hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but
chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks be-
neath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and
warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in
fate,
So were I equall'd with them in re-
nown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets
old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary
move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful
Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert
hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with
the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or
morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's
rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face di-
vine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during
dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways
of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge
fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and
rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut
out.

So much the rather, thou celestial
Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through
all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist
from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and
tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Could there be poetry of the personal kind more free from reprehensible egotism, more dignified, more majestic, and at the same time more pathetic than that? Let us recur to it, and read it, when we are tempted to judge Milton harshly for any less admirable, less lovable characteristics, from which no mortal can be wholly free; and the verdict must be, "Everything is forgiven him, because he suffered much, and expressed those sufferings in his verse, the truest exponent of his deepest feelings, with magnanimous and magnificent serenity." Nor let it ever be lost sight of that, though in the political and theological domain he was anything but free from fanaticism and bitter partisanship, he uniformly fought for liberty of speech and printing—liberty, of all our possessions the most precious, and for the safety and stability of the State the most indispensable condition. To what extent, in the part Dante played in the local politics of Florence, which led to his exile, he too was fighting for liberty, in the sense in which I have just expressed it, it is not possible for a dispassionate person to hold a confident opinion. In all probability liberty, as we understand the word, was struggled for and understood neither by him nor by those who drove him into exile. But, like Milton, he bore his ostracism with manly dignity, consoling himself and enriching posterity with a splendid poem, and only craving for safe shelter and peace, as he said at the monastery gate: "Son' uno che implora pace."

In comparing Milton and Dante one

might justly be reproached for an obvious omission if one did not refer, however briefly, to the intense love of both for music. Very recently Mr. W. H. Hadow, than whom no one writes with more knowledge of or sympathy with music, lectured before the Royal Society of Literature on Milton's love and knowledge of it. Music, he truly said, was Milton's most intimate of delights; and he referred to what Johnson relates of the poet's constantly playing on the organ. In the second canto of the "Purgatorio" Dante recognizes the musician Casella, hails him as "Casella mio," and begs him who on earth had soothed Dante's soul with music to do the same for him now. Casella obeys, and Dante says it was done so sweetly that he can hear him still; words that recall Wordsworth's lovely couplet:

The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

To my great surprise an eminent man of letters, who is also a poet, said to me recently that the present author was one of the few writers of verse he knew who loved music, and who continually asked for music, more music, adding that poets, as a rule, did not care for it. I was amazed, and cited Shakespeare and Milton as a matter of course, and many a lesser poet, against so untenable a thesis, concluding with the opening lines of "Twelfth Night":

If music be the food of love, play on
Give me excess of it.

Surely music is not only the food of love, but of poetry as well; and do not "music and sweet poetry agree"?

Another point of similarity between Milton and Dante is their total lack of humor, so strange in two great poets, and one of them an Englishman. Chaucer is continually on the edge of boisterous laughter. Spenser seems

constantly on the verge of a well-bred smile. Shakespeare, to use his own language, asks to be allowed with mirth and laughter to play the fool, though the most gravely thoughtful and awfully tragic of all poets. The author of "Childe Harold" is likewise the author of "The Vision of Judgment" and "Don Juan." Scott is one of the greatest of British humorists. But on the face of neither Dante nor Milton do we find the trace of a smile either coming or gone.

The Rev. Lonsdale Ragg, in his searching and erudite work, "Dante and his Italy," maintains the opposite view at p. 190 *sqq.* But I, at least, find him on this head unconvincing. None of the passages in Dante to which he refers would satisfy the definition of humor as employed by Sterne, Steele, Addison, or Charles Lamb, and cited by Thackery in his delightful papers on "The English Humorists." Dante is scornful, satirical, merciless; humorous he never is. Nor is Milton. They meet on the common ground of uncompromising seriousness.

Another parallel I will presume to draw between Dante and Milton is one of supreme importance; but I can do so only briefly. No man, in my humble opinion, has the full requisites of a poet of the highest order unless at some period or another of his life he has been associated by practice and direct experience with other men in matters of public interest. Milton and Dante alike had that experience. So had Chaucer, so had Spenser, so had Shakespeare, so had Byron. They were men of the world, and did not, as Matthew Arnold said of Wordsworth, "avert their gaze from half of human fate." I am aware that the opposite view is assumed in much criticism to-day; and the highest rank is claimed for poetic recluses who write only of individual joys, sorrows, and emotions, their own mostly, and manifest a com-

plete want of concern in the wide issues of mankind. That was not a standard of criticism till our own time; nor will it, I believe, be the standard of future ages. Dante and Milton both satisfy the older standard, the older and the more abiding one.

No comparison of Dante with Milton would be complete that omitted consideration of the respective themes of their chief works, their two great epic poems, the "Divina Commedia" and "Paradise Lost." I am disposed to think, though others may think differently, that Dante has in this respect a signal advantage over Milton. If any one is curious to see how a man of great parts, but in some respects of rather insular views, can fail to understand the theme of the "Divina Commedia," and Dante's treatment of it, he has only to turn, as Mr. Courthope did in his address to the British Academy, to Macaulay's essay on Milton, where Dante is written of as though he were nothing but a great Realist. Many years ago I suggested as a definition of poetry, and have more than once urged the suggestion, that it is "the harmonious transfiguration of the Real into the Ideal by the aid of elevating imagination," so that, when the poet has performed that operation, his readers accept the ideal representation as real, that surest test of the greatness of a poet, provided his theme itself be great. The "Divina Commedia" stands that test triumphantly; and the result is that Dante makes credible, even to non-believers while they read the poem, the central conception and beliefs of medieval Christianity, which are still those of Roman Catholic Christianity. Hence they remain real facts for the transfiguring idealism of poets to deal with.

Can the same be said of "Paradise Lost"? What is "real" does not depend on the arbitrary choice of any

one, but on the *communis sensus*, the general assent of those to whom the treatment of the assumed "real" is addressed. Is that any longer so in the case of "Paradise Lost"? Are the personality of the devil, the insurrection of Lucifer and the rebel angels, and their condemnation to eternal punishment, with power to tempt mortals to do that which will lead to their sharing that punishment, now believed in by any large number of Christian Englishmen or English-speaking Christians, or is it ever likely again to be so believed in? I must leave the question to be answered by every one for himself. But on the answer to it, it is obvious, the realistic basis of "Paradise Lost" depends. If the reply be negative, then what remains is the magnificence of the imagery and the sonority of the diction. To extol the one over the other in these respects would indeed be invidious. It is enough to place them side by side to manifest their equality. If Milton writes:

Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion,
down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to
arms;

Dante writes:

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira,

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Voci alte e floche, e suon di man con
elle,

Facevan un tumulto, il qual s' aggira
Sempre in quell' aria senza tempo tinta,
Come l' arena quando il turbo spirà.

Withal, it would show imperfect impartiality if one failed to allow that there is more variety in the "Divina Commedia" than in "Paradise Lost." Milton never halts in his majestic journey to soothe us with such an episode as that of "Paolo Malatesta" and "Francesca da Rimini," or closes it with so celestial a strain as that describing the interview of Dante with Beatrice in Heaven.

No third poet in any nation or tongue could be named that equals Dante and Milton in erudition, or in the use they made of it in their poetry. The present writer is himself too lacking in erudition to presume to expatiate on that theme. Others have done it admirably, and with due competence. But on this ground, common to them both, I reluctantly part with them. To each alike may be assigned the words of Ovid, "Os sublime dedit," and equally it may be said of both, that, in the splendid phrase of Lucretius, they passed beyond the "flammatia moenia mundi." Finally, each could truly say of himself, in the words of Dante,

Minerva spira e conducemì Apollo.

"The Goddess of Wisdom inspires me,
and the God of Song is my conductor
and my guide."

Alfred Austin.

HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

(*Mrs. Francis Blundell.*)

CHAPTER XIV.

A sudden fumbling at the latch, followed by a loud thump on the door, startled both girls, who had been too

much absorbed in their conversation to heed the sound of approaching footsteps; their hands, which had impulsively clasped each other, fell apart,

and Kitty inquired quickly if that were Mr. Hardy.

"No, he can't be here just yet," responded Sheba; "'tis but a stone's throw across the river, but a matter o' three mile round. That'll be father, I'm afeared. I'd best tell en to go away again."

A shower of blows on the door denoted the fact that Mr. Baverstock was growing impatient.

"Oh, no, why should you do that?"

"Well, ye see, father—there so like as not he mid be a little bit the worse. He mostly be at this time o' day. If I could find a few pence now——"

She began to search first in her pocket and then behind the small ornaments on the chimney-piece. Her father meanwhile demonstrated as to the truth of her surmise by alternately battering at the door and dancing a kind of double shuffle on the step.

"Dear to be sure, 'tis too bad! He must ha' took what I did leave here. If I could find so much as a threepence, he'd tramp off to the True Lovers' Knot w/out givin' no more trouble to nobody."

"Oh, but you shouldn't give him more money for drink if he has had too much already," remonstrated Kitty, much scandalized.

"There, if you do think a glass more or less would make much difference," Sheba was beginning, when Mr. Baverstock, tired of his former ineffectual attempts to attract his daughter's notice, applied his shoulder as a battering-ram to the crazy lock and burst it open.

Kitty, with a little shriek, ran to the farthest corner of the room, but Sheba hastened to reassure her.

"No need to be afeared, miss. Father be so good-natured as anything at all times, and never more so nor when he's a bit drinky. He'll not hurt ye."

Going towards her parent, who stood staring with a somewhat vacant smile at the unexpected apparition of a strange girl, and slowly unwinding an apparently interminable length of checked comforter from his neck, she accosted him with some severity.

"Now then, Dad, what be the meanin' o' this? Breakin' into your own house same as if you was a thief?"

Mr. Baverstock paused, comforter in hand, to smile in the direction of his daughter. In the direction, I say, for the smile was, as has been mentioned, an uncertain one, and the gaze which accompanied it appeared to have no fixed object in view. He was a small, thick-set, round-shouldered man with a ragged, reddish beard and eyes at all times somewhat fish-like in expression, very unlike the tall, straight, handsome Sheba.

"Well, I bain't so very well, ye see," he remarked, now apologetically. "Nay, I bain't so very well, my maid, my lags be a-troublin' of I a bit—not so studdy as I could wish. An' I wer' anxious for to sit down."

He made a tottering step in advance as he spoke and Sheba pushed forward the chair which Kitty had just vacated.

"Thank ye, my maid," returned her father, with great suavity. "You mid just shut the door if it bain't givin' of ye too much trouble. I be feelin' a bit light in the head, Sheba. 'Tis a thing what I do often suffer from."

"Too often indeed," ejaculated Sheba, and she closed the door, setting a chair against it to keep it to.

"Ees, I be suffering summat awful from my head an' eyes to-night," continued Baverstock confidentially. "My poor eyes be a-playin' me sick tricks. There, I seem as if I could see two o' ye this minute, maidie—two darter Shebas w/l pink gowns an' black heads—one here where you be a-standin', an'

one over yonder where ye bain't!"

"Tain't your eyes—'tis a young lady. Us have got company to-night."

"O-oh," said Mr. Baverstock, endeavoring to pull himself together, and bestowing a watery smile in Kitty's direction. "O-oh, a young lady? Yet it do seem to I as if 'twas all as one as my Sheba."

"'Tis a young lady right enough, Dad. She did fall into the river and I did lend her some o' my things."

"O-oh, she did fall into the river," repeated Mr. Baverstock, with tipsy gravity. "That were bad—that were very bad. As I do often say, an' Sheba there do know it, water's bad stuff to have anythin' to do wi'—treecherous stuff. I wouldn't ha' nothin' to do wi' water," he continued, raising his voice, "nothin' at all, if I could help it. Ye midden think it, but I was a miller once—and what did the water do for I? Ruined I—that's what it done!"

He paused, shaking his head ruminatively, and presently continued his discourse, Kitty remaining trembling in her corner, while Sheba busied herself with preparations for tea.

"After that, my poor missus what's dead an' gone, did say to me—'Baverstock,' she says, 'ye must be a temperance man else ye'll never get on in the world. You must drink water to your dinner,' she says. Well, I did agree for to please her—I did try the water, and there—dalled if it didn't give me influenzie!"

Here he unexpectedly indulged in a short doze, and, presently appearing to recover himself, went on very rapidly:

"So arter that us did have to leave the Little Farm, and my poor missus did try to take in washin', an' it carried her off—that's what meddlin' wi' water done for her—an' we've been a-shiftin' here an' there, Sheba an' me, ever since—ees, I be never one for to desert my child—I've toled her about

wherever I did go—an' here we be a-livin' on the very edge o' the river. What'll be the end o' that I'm sure I don't know—it'll be the death o' me so like as not!"

Being much affected at the prospect he shed a few tears, and presently, wiping his eyes with his cuff, smiled pathetically at Kitty.

"But I'm sure you be welcome, miss," he observed. "However it mid fall out, you be so welcome as anythin'. Won't ye take a chair, and come nigh to the fire?"

"Do 'ee now, miss," pleaded Sheba. "Ye needn't take a bit o' notice o' my father. Come and sit by the fire and get warm afore ye have to go out in the cold again. Tea is made, look-see, I'll pour ye out a cup in a minute."

Thus adjured, Kitty ventured to draw near to the hearth, though it must be owned she kept as far away from her host as the limited space would admit. Sheba poured out a steaming cup of tea, and was in the act of cutting some bread-and-butter when her father again addressed himself to her, this time in a stage whisper:

"What did ye say the young lady's name was, my maid?"

Sheba looked across at her guest—

"Miss Leslie, isn't it?"

Kitty nodded, and Mr. Baverstock received the information with an air of deep interest and satisfaction.

"Ah, Miss Leslie! Think o' that now! An' where mid she live, Sheba, my dear?"

"At the Little Farm, Dad. You know the Little Farm—our Little Farm."

To Kitty's alarm, Mr. Baverstock immediately burst into tears, and was so much overcome by emotion as to be quite inarticulate, though between his sobs he poured forth a long story of which the girl did not understand a word.

"There, Dad, ha' done, do!" cried Sheba, impatiently. "Drink your tea, it will do your head good. I'm downright ashamed o' ye afore the young lady. Don't ye take no count of him, miss. He be a bit upset along of our having lived at the Little Farm once."

"The Little Farm—our house?"

"Ees, miss," responded Sheba, not without a transitory flash of pride. "Twas our house then, an' we did have a good bit o' land too. Old Mr. Hardy didn't use to keep so much land in his own hands as what Stephen do do—"

At this moment a sound of wheels was heard outside, followed by a shout in a man's voice.

"That'll be him," cried Sheba, jumping up. "That'll be Stephen. He can't leave the horse most like."

She ran out, presently returning with a bundle of wraps, with which she immediately proceeded to cloak Kitty.

"'Tis to be hoped as he did bring enough," she remarked, somewhat grimly. "I d' low he reckons you'd melt away if the cold air was to get at ye. Best put thikky shawl over your head, look-see, your hat be too wet. I'll dry it and all the other things to-night, an' bring 'em over to-morrow morning."

Kitty vainly strove to thank her, but found herself hustled to the door before she could complete the first phrase.

"The horse won't stand, he says," cried Sheba, as she drew her along. "Here she be, Stephen—scarce able to climb into the trap, I shouldn't wonder, wi' all they cloaks. Now then, up ye go—be ye right? Good-night to ye."

"Good-night, Sheba," responded Stephen, busily tucking the rug round his companion.

"Good-night and thank you," said Kitty, but Sheba had already returned into the cottage.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting

too long," said he as they drove off. "I hope"—struck by a sudden thought—"old Baverstock wasn't there."

"Yes, he came in, but he was all right—at least—"

"Half-seas over, as usual, I suppose," suggested Stephen wrathfully.

"Well, he wasn't quite himself. It's very sad for that poor girl."

With this Kitty eyed Stephen surreptitiously, but could not discern his expression in the darkness. When he spoke, however, it was in an altered tone.

"Yes, indeed! Sheba has had a hard life of it. They were quite well-to-do folks once. The mother was a nice woman—indeed, she was a sort of cousin of ours—but the father has been sinking lower and lower ever since she died, and dragging the girl down with him."

Though he spoke compassionately of Sheba and with noticeable indignation of her father, the emotion in each case appeared to be of an impersonal kind—so might he have spoken of the most absolute strangers.

"Surely you have known them for a long time," said Kitty, unable to keep a certain resentful intonation out of her voice. "I observe you call each other by your Christian names."

"To be sure, I have known them since I was a child," returned he unconcernedly. "Sheba and I were great playfellows. We had neither of us any brothers or sisters, you see, and then we were close neighbors. Why," he added, "we used to carry on all sorts of games—we were even sweethearts at the ages of ten and twelve!"

He laughed as he spoke, and Kitty laughed too, with an odd sense of relief. Ten and twelve! A very innocent affair, surely!

"Yes," he continued, touching up the horse lightly, "we used to go a-courtin' regularly in the Lovers' Walk like any grown couple."

He laughed again.

"I mind it as if it were yesterday. We had been reading some story-book or other and thought it would be a fine thing to be sweethearts, I suppose. Yes, I remember we kept it up till they shifted from the Little Farm."

Kitty was silent for a moment or two, recalling the expression of Sheba's face as she had watched Stephen from the scene of their former innocent courtship. To him it had been a childish episode—an incident to be laughed at and then forgotten. But to her—"Nobody knows—nobody knows!" The cry was still ringing in Kitty's ears. Sheba had not forgotten.

"I wonder," she exclaimed impulsively, "if the Baverstocks had not moved would you and Sheba have gone on being sweethearts."

Stephen turned towards her quickly. "What a strange question! I don't know, I'm sure. How can one tell what *might* have happened?"

"She is a very handsome girl," said Kitty.

"Is she? Well, yes, I suppose she is."

He paused, then suddenly exclaimed,

"Too big. I've no fancy for those great tall women. Besides—oh, no, I don't think one ever falls in love in that way!" He did not elucidate further, and there was again a long silence, broken presently by Stephen, who solicitously inquired if Kitty were feeling cold.

"No, indeed. You have taken good care to prevent that, Mr. Hardy," added Kitty, shyly; "I don't know how to thank you for all your kindness. If you hadn't come up when you did—by the way, how was it you managed to come at that very moment?"

Stephen hesitated before replying.

"Well, as a matter of fact I came down to look for you. I saw you going in the direction of the river, and I

thought you might not know how dangerous it is in flood time. When it came to four o'clock I thought it safer to go after you."

"And then you risked your life to save mine," said Kitty in a low voice. "Mr. Hardy—"

"Well?" said he, as she paused. His tone was uncompromising, and yet she was determined to continue.

"There's something I've been wanting to say to you. I know you think I'm proud—"

Stephen made no reply.

"I want to tell you—that though I may have seemed," pursued Kitty haltingly, "to be so, I didn't really mean it. Everything was so strange at first—I can hardly explain—"

"Oh, I quite understand," he returned still drily. "Our ways are not your ways. Rebecca and I—"

"You are both most kind and good," interrupted Kitty, eagerly. "I want you to understand this. I may have made mistakes, but I am sorry now. Indeed, I should like Bess to go out riding with you—"

"That's a change," remarked Stephen.

"What can I do more than own I was wrong?" said poor Kitty, rather piteously. "You are the best friends we have, Mrs. Hardy and you. My father says so, and we all think it. If I have seemed to hold aloof before, I am sorry, and I—I—we are equals, and I don't want you to think anything else."

Stephen turned round towards her.

"Do you mean what you are saying?" he asked with restrained eagerness.

"I do, indeed," replied Kitty. "I feel I have been in fault before, but now—in future—"

"Because," interrupted Stephen, continuing his own train of thought, "there's two kinds of pride, you know. A man might be just as proud about putting himself forward as a woman

about holding herself back. One person might be as unwilling to take advantage as another to lower herself. Don't you say anything you don't mean, Miss Leslie, because I warn you I'm a plain man, and I shall act on what you say."

The suppressed excitement of his manner and emotion in his tone frightened Kitty a little, but she braced her-

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self. Had she not promised Bess, after all, to stand aside?

"I do mean it," she said. "I want us all to be friends."

Stephen drew a long breath and sat for a while looking straight before him; then he said:—

"I thank you for that word, and I promise you you'll never repent of it!"

(*To be continued.*)

SIR EDWARD ELGAR'S SYMPHONY.

I.

When a new British symphony has to be given many extra performances it is clear that we do not neglect our own composers when they have once succeeded in interesting us. Elgar did this with the "Enigma" variations and "The Dream of Gerontius." The later oratorios, "The Apostles" and "The Kingdom," were not more than tolerated; but we have expected much from the symphony. Is it a masterpiece? The question is difficult to answer absolutely. It is not Elgar's masterpiece, because it is not as perfect as the "Enigma" variations or the "In the South" overture, and yet it is by far the most ambitious work he has done. We ought not to worship "jumboism" in music, however. A "Meistersinger" overture is worth all Bungert's Homeric music-dramas; just as a Meissonnier is more valuable as art than acres of Doré's canvasses. The length of a symphony has a peculiar attraction for some minds, and because Beethoven was a great genius his form of work has become a standard of greatness. At one time every composer wrote a symphony just as every poet wrote a five-act tragedy in blank verse. One of Sir Edward Elgar's distinctions had been that he had not written a symphony, nor even a symphonic poem, but

had contented himself with the shorter forms of orchestral music. In this respect the new work is of special interest, for it is the composer's first attempt to say something big in the grand orchestral manner. And the symphony itself is by no means mere "jumboism" in music, for, apart from its intrinsic musical value, it is a most consistent and connected utterance in this form of art.

Indeed, that very quality is its chief merit. In listening to this work you feel that the composer has struggled hard to express *himself* throughout its four movements, and that he has made a conscious effort to get away from the mere musical contrast of the movements of a conventional symphony. Whether that effort has been, or could be, successful must be considered later in this article, but it certainly places the symphony as an art-form in a new light, and suggests many thoughts as to its future. In this attempt to achieve homogeneity, so that the symphony is practically a long symphonic poem with pauses between its sections, Sir Edward Elgar has broken new ground. This homogeneity is not due to any of the musical devices which have been hailed as new and are not. Several other composers have thematically connected the movements of

their symphonies—Schumann, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky, to mention but three—but this thematic connection is often but a musical device, and has no special poetic or emotional import. In the same way Elgar's use of the main theme of the scherzo as the main theme of the adagio has no special emotional value. It is an interesting example of music weaving, and that is all. The main theme of the first movement is a different matter, because its use throughout the symphony and its final statement in the last movement is conditioned by emotion. It is not a mere thematic connection as in Brahms' third symphony, but is more in accord with Tchaikovsky's "fate" motive in the fifth symphony, in which the "motto" theme appears in the minor in the first movement, is briefly remembered in the valse, and, finally, at the end of the symphony, bursts into the triumphant major. Elgar has obtained a connection of mood by harmony rather than by thematic material. An original device of a mechanical kind is employed with good effect. The allegro molto, which takes the place of the ordinary scherzo, is not merely a piece of musical contrast. The movement gradually merges into the adagio by the simple means of augmentation, giving the effect that the opening energy and bustle of the movement have slackened imperceptibly into the slow movement.

No doubt the composer had some programme in his mind in transforming the principal theme of the scherzo into the principal theme of the slow movement, and taking into account the fact that one movement is practically a continuation of the other this programme is obvious enough, but the thematic connection is only a musical idea and has no emotional effect, whereas the merging of the two movements has.

It would be a waste of time to describe minutely one's personal impres-

sions of the emotional "programme" of the symphony. To the dullest ear of the musical pattern-monger or of the sensualist who indulges his soul with the vice of music (as it can and does become to some natures), the symphony is an obvious expression of the warfare of a soul ending in a burst of triumph. It is a melancholy, sensitive soul, that shrieks aloud in its agony, and never quite attains to self-mastery—the happiness of the great. Elgar does not dwell on the mountain tops. But what he feels he feels acutely. His moods are real and sincere, and that reality and that sincerity have made him the one popular British composer of the day. The same qualities were to be noticed in "The Dream of Gerontius" and in his earlier oratorio, "The Light of Christ." All this is obvious enough in the new symphony. It makes the work interesting to all who do not divorce music from life. At the same time, the work has given me the impression, after four hearings, that Elgar has attempted to paint too large a canvas; that he has not the sustained power for the realization of his intention.

In each movement there are long stretches of sagging invention. The composer becomes scrappy, and the thread of emotion is broken. This happens in the first movement; in the middle of the scherzo and adagio; and in the opening of the finale. In general, the composer's development sections are poor in effect, although most complex and skilful in detail. They mean a lot to him, no doubt, but they sound foggy, and make the music stand still. I believe the composer has attempted to weave a kind of musical atmosphere in these complex development sections, just as Richard Strauss did in "Ein Heldenleben," but they sound like inarticulate mutterings. Also, I do not find any great structural force in the movements. They do not

build up inevitably to a climax with that strong sweep of line which should be the spine of a symphony. Detail is not sufficiently subordinated to the main design, and there is too much of the irrelevancy that finnicks with unessentials. Also, the themes are not developed with any great strength. The long-winded motto-theme (perhaps too serpentine for successful use in a symphony) does not really become more striking in the end, and some of the dullness and want of vitality of the music may be due to a specific want of inspiration and force; but much of it, I am convinced, is caused by a mistaken notion of what programme music in a symphony should be. Sir Edward Elgar has used a very free form of symphony, but he has not made it clear that this freedom makes for strength. The subject is of importance in these days, when the descriptive symphonic poem is beginning to be recognized as a failure.

II.

One of the strangest features of the reception of this symphony by the musical press has been the implication that a symphony as programme music is a new idea. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Indeed, it may even be held that the modern idea of what is called pattern music was never held by contemporaries of that music. A living writer on the art of the symphony will point to Haydn and Mozart as the model composers of the classical symphony. It is a commonplace to hail Beethoven as the first of the expressive school, and this is a natural æsthetic mistake, for music has so changed in its idiom with its gradual development that the pattern or form in the old symphonies is no longer in proper focus to our minds. Accustomed to the modern plasticity of musical expression, we see nothing but form in many of the movements of the

Mozart and Haydn symphony, and we write and talk as if this form were the essence of the symphony. It may possibly be that in the far-off future theorists will point to Richard Strauss's symphonic poems as evidence that music of the early twentieth century was almost entirely formal. And not only did the composer of the "absolute" symphony attempt to express something by his music, but there have always been composers of avowed "programme" symphonies. There was Carl Von Dittersdorf with his symphonies on subjects from Ovid's "Metamorphoses." "Jason carries off the Golden Fleece," "Ajax and Achilles contend for the armor of Achilles," and "The Rescue of Andromeda" were some of the titles of these symphonies. They were written in strict classical style with regard to sequence of keys, disposition of subjects, development of thematic material, and so forth; all the symphonies had the orthodox four movements, and each had one section in first movement sonata-form. I must confess to being ignorant of these symphonies at first hand, and I will therefore quote Professor Niecks's description of the music.¹

"What is especially noteworthy about his programme music is the entire absence of straining after effects, although piquant, touching, and powerful effects are not wanting; and, further, that however descriptive the music is, it never ceases to be good music from the absolute point of view."

Then, among many others, there was Justice Heinrich Knecht, who wrote a grand symphony entitled "Portrait Musical de la Nature," with a detailed programme which surely must have been in Beethoven's mind when he composed his "Pastoral" symphony. As to Beethoven himself the "Eroica" had an avowed programme, and so, of

¹ "Programme Music" (Novello Co.).

course, had the "Choral" symphony, but no one will pretend that the other seven are hard and fast pattern music. Since Beethoven's day the programme symphony has been persistently in the minds of composers. Berlioz, Raff, and Mendelssohn wrote symphonies which were meant to be programme works, but Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms were as much writers of unavowed programme symphonies as Sir Edward Elgar has been in his new work. Wagner himself at one time contemplated a "Faust" symphony, of which the well-known overture, afterwards re-written, was to be the first movement. One might almost state as a truism that when a composer has anything to say for himself he unconsciously writes programme music in the sense that it is not pattern music. Anton Bruckner was a strange case of a man who wrote neither programme nor absolute symphonies. What he really did was to graft Wagner's manner on to the symphony without having anything in particular to say. The most successful of the modern programme symphonists, Tchaikovsky, did not as a rule avow his programme, for the title "Pathetic" was an afterthought, but there can be no doubt of his intentions in most of his symphonies. It is clear, therefore, that the symphony has only recently been placed in antithesis to the symphonic poem. Wagner himself was largely responsible for this by his energetically expressed opinions that the symphony came to a climax in Beethoven's Ninth, and that "absolute" music was but a preparation for music-drama. Also composers felt that the symphony as it stood was not quite plastic enough for their needs. Liszt really did try to hit off an essential musical form for the symphonic-poem, but his technical equipment was not equal to the task. But why should the symphony form be inadequate? The answer is difficult because it is

almost impossible to say definitely what is the form of a symphony.

III.

There never has been such a thing as a standard symphony-form. The history of the sonata to Beethoven is a history of developments, of additions, changes, and modifications. The sonata form has developed since Beethoven. The old binary sonata-form was evolved from the suite by the aid of the progress of vocal music, so that absolute music had no longer to confine itself to the dance, as in the suite, but had the extended expression of the aria. The modern sonata-form evolved itself from the old, and was standardized for a little while by Mozart and Haydn. The essential design of the first-movement sonata-form is the only fixed design of the symphony. It is just a logical form, consisting of the exposition of the first and second subjects, their development into a free fantasia, with a recapitulation and coda. The rough design is a mere question of logical and balanced expression, and does not solely belong to the art of music. Within this logical scaffolding the real musical form was built, the tonal form obtained by employing a variety of keys without causing an effect of violence. This essential form is not stationary, for it rests on taste, and taste changes. Our ears have become accustomed to what our forefathers would have considered frightful dissonances, and we like them, just as our eyes see the beauty of combinations of color which were at one time banned by the artistic mind. Elgar's symphony in this respect is as modern as a Strauss symphonic poem, and the whole tendency of the art of symphony writing since Beethoven shows that he is justified in thus modernizing the symphony idiom. Every composer has added something to the extension of this form of art.

As to the main design of first-movement sonata form there really is no standard. It has been considered permissible by the theorists to go straight from the free fantasia section to the coda, and omit the recapitulation. The coda itself could be merely an unimportant peroration, or it could contain new material and be very important indeed. Then your second subject could consist of not one theme but several, and the episodical matter could have almost the dignity of themes. All these additions and modifications have been bound together, however, by fixed ideas of tonal form. The composer who breaks these rules has to suffer the anger of the theorist, but almost every composer has broken them, and theorists have been very angry.

When we come to the disposition of the different movements we are still more at a loss to find a standard symphonic form. The first movement was supposed to be in strict sonata form. This was followed by a slow movement, a minuet, and a final rondo. There seems no particular reason for the order of these movements, and, as a matter of fact, Beethoven reversed the order of the slow movements and the scherzo in his four last pianoforte sonatas, in two of his quartets, in the B flat trio, and the "Choral" symphony. It will be noticed that Elgar also follows his scherzo with a slow movement. The original idea of the symphony was to present a series of movements in good contrast, and not at all to produce a definite impression of the symphony as a whole. Beethoven was practically the first composer to develop the symphony from its suite character. His wonderful scherzo, taking the place of the light minuet, helped to lend homogeneity to his symphonies. The Beethoven scherzo gives one the impression of a different expression of the same mood which in-

spires the slow movements and culminates in the energy and fire of his finales. Here again Beethoven departed from the convention of his day. The ordinary light-hearted rondo, calculated to send an eighteenth century audience away in a good humor, did not serve his purpose. In its place he invented a movement of solid construction and worthy to serve as an emotional climax to the whole work, and no symphony composer of to-day would dream of ending his work in any other way.

To point out all the exceptions in the disposition of movements to be found in the symphonies which the world has accepted would be tedious and unnecessary. There is no standard rule which can be put forward as a measure for the symphony-form. Tchaikovsky, for instance, separates the opening and last movements of his "Pathetic" symphony by two quick sections. Then there is no fixed rule in the actual workmanship of the different movements and the musical devices employed. Beethoven made wonderful use of the *fugato*, and the final movement of the "Eroica" consists of a set of variations, and in his fourth symphony Brahms adopted the form of a Passacaglia for his finale. Indeed, the symphony-form is elastic enough in its first movement for the necessities of the most expressive composer; in the other movements there is practically no end to the combinations allowed to him. That is as far as the design of a symphony is concerned. If a modern composer were to follow the rules of sequence of keys he would find himself restricted in an absurd manner. Some of the rules hold good to this day and always will hold good, for they are of organic growth. Others are the outcome of limited technique in the past and have no kind of permanence. Sir Edward Elgar has broken many of them.

IV.

It may be asked, What is the special merit of the symphony-form that it should be preferred to the more free symphonic poem? The question could not be asked by anyone who has given a moment's thought to the essential difference of the symphony and the symphonic poem. In the former the form is natural and logical to the expression of music itself; in the symphonic poem a literary or other external idea suggests the form. At least, it is supposed to do so, but, as a matter of fact, a composer of symphonic poems is compelled to make use of the old musical forms. He cannot get away from them. His music has to be woven from them. But in his desire to make his music represent some fixed ideas or actions the composer has to interfere with the organic flow of his music. Wagner was not always a safe writer on the aesthetics of his art, but in attempting to show that absolute music had arrived at an *impasse*, he managed unconsciously to prove that the real distinction to be drawn in music is not between absolute and programme music, but between absolute and dramatic music. Wagner himself recognized that logic is the essential of the symphony-form, and his aim was to condition this logic to the needs of drama. "The new form of dramatic music," he wrote, "must have the unity of the symphonic movement; and this it attains by spreading itself over the whole drama, in the most intimate cohesion therewith, not merely over single, smaller, arbitrary selected parts. So that their unity consists in a tissue of root themes pervading all the drama, themes which contract, complete, reshape, divorce, and intertwine with one another as in the symphonic movement; only that here the needs of the dramatic action dictate the laws of parting and combining, which were there originally borrowed from the mo-

tions of the dance." These laws were certainly originally borrowed from the dance, but long before the suite developed into the symphony the human voice had influenced instrumental music. The slow movements of Haydn and Mozart owe nothing to the dance, but everything to the aria. The truth is the growth of music has been organic, and because it has been organic the results of centuries of work are not to be lightly brushed on one side by the Richard Strausses of the world. The phase of avowed programme music has added to the vocabulary of music as a language. All through the centuries composer after composer has attempted to make music express something of phenomena outside itself. In the old days this was done without departing from the musical forms which had been so laboriously built up. In the modern symphonic poem, especially in the works of Richard Strauss, there is an attempt to condition the absolute design of the composition by the thing expressed.

Strauss is too good a musician to suppose that he can really throw aside form. As Wagner wrote in his essay on Liszt's symphonic poems, "Were there no form there would certainly be no art-works, but quite certainly no art-judges either; and this is so obvious to these latter that the anguish of their soul cries out for Form, whereas the easy-going artist . . . troubles his head mighty little about it when at work. And how comes this about? Apparently because the artist, without his knowing it, is always creating forms." There is a deep truth in that. Strauss's symphonic poems are full of form if you examine them at all, because Strauss is an artist, but in his desire to condition the design of his music by a definite programme (which, by a curious inconsistency, he does not himself avow, but leaves the explanation of his works to other

pens) he robs his work of its self-contained character. The listener has to explain many a hiatus in the logical expression of Strauss's symphonic poems by something outside the music, for the ear refuses to accept an arbitrary interruption of organic musical form as satisfactory. In his earlier compositions, "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung," the composer expressed what he had to say within the bounds of music itself, and as a consequence these works, although not so original as the late compositions, always make more effect.

What we admire in Strauss is not the attempt to describe phenomena by every eccentric means which can be devised, but the many passages of beautiful and expressive music to be found in his symphonic poems. Many of the variations in "Don Quixote" are quite unnecessary, and some are stupid clowning, but the fine and pathetic conclusion makes amends. It is good music. We must, in fact, recognize that music has its own manner of speech, and that it says things in its own way. The tendency of the modern symphonic poem is to confound literature and music. Form, whatever its manifestations may be, is essential to all art, and musical form by no means runs on all fours with a literary programme. There is intrinsic beauty in the form of all art, something which cannot be translated into words, but is instinctively felt. Nothing the intelligence can suggest will take the place of this special effect. A composer may say that a theme represents such and such an idea, that another stands for a second idea; and that the combination of the two has a special "meaning" as part of the "programme," but this is entirely an affair of the intelligence, and has no musical existence unless the combination of the themes and their formal harmony-treatment do actually produce the ef-

fect aimed at by specific musical means. There has been too much of this literary intelligence in modern music. Strauss's workmanship is often conditioned by it. The development section of "Ein Heldenleben," labelled as "The Works of Peace" by the analysts of the symphonic poem, is supposed to have a special meaning. But musically it is only a very complex piece of polyphony which fails to make its proper effect because it is too complex. Much the same fault may be found with the complex development sections in Elgar's symphony. We are told this is a "shifting" musical background, that the composer aims at atmosphere, and a hundred other things which an ingenious literary intelligence may suggest. But what the musical brain perceives is a want of big, motive form. The music seems to be leading nowhere, and to have no central design. The ear demands something it can definitely grasp either in the shape of thematical material or in the shape of emotional design.

V.

The symphony-form, it has been shown, is sufficiently elastic to express all that a composer can legitimately wish to express. The form itself is the result of generation after generation working with artistic unconsciousness. It is organic, and makes for unity. The arbitrariness of the disposition of movements is not real. In any extended work of art there must be more than the expression of one mood, and the ordinary movements of a post-Beethoven symphony do cover practically the whole field of emotion. Moreover, the contrasts are pleasing to the ear. The brain is led forward from one set of ideas to another culminating in a climax. Sir Edward Elgar has certainly used his four movements as part of a whole effect, but incidentally he has proved that the

old conventions had some reason, for the absence of a real scherzo, or rather the gradual modification of it into a slow movement, results in a certain monotony and dullness. The symphony also gives one the impression that it could have been written in one movement, so alike are the movements in character and mood with the exception of the adagio.

While we must recognize that great utterances have been made through the symphony we must admit that there is still plenty of room for modifications and alterations of its form and design. There is no real reason why a symphony should have four movements, for instance, when three might contain all that the composer had to say.

There is no special merit in a symphony as a symphony that we should point to its composition as an ideal at which all young composers should aim, but the symphonic poem with its reliance on a literary programme as an explanation of its want of design has proved impossible. We must not only have form but also design in music, and that design must be emotional, and therefore musi-

cal. It is absurd to speak of formal music as being pattern-music, as if it made no emotional appeal. The whole literature of the art proves that the distinction between absolute and programme music is false. The old formal music does seem to us now to be a mechanical affair, but that is only because the art has developed its powers of expression, and not because the old composers consciously wrote formal music. There are many ways in which a return to some design and form in music may be made. The symphonic poem itself is capable of modification. It can be made to stand square on its own feet and be an entirely musical production. We must first dismiss from our minds the idea that musical design is necessarily an arid piece of formalism (which so many of our academical composers have unfortunately made it). By returning to the symphony Sir Edward Elgar has certainly done a good day's work for modern British composition, for, whatever the shortcomings of his new work may be, he has shown once again that there is nothing in the symphony-form which at all hampers a composer in writing expressive and emotional music.

E. A. Baughan.

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MESSINA.

Naples did not seem to care very much. It was the same pleasant and easy muddle of life as ever, the same muddled and sunlit pool that swarmed with flashy and slimy creatures, sporting and lazing, like fat, idle fish and paddling tadpoles. All Naples on foot or driving still crowded into the narrowest streets. The cabman said "Ah," and dashed down the Chiaia in a stream of smiling invective. Thoughtful old women sat crooning in the gutter. Shrill and filthy children played with bones and pebbles on the pave-

ment. Men of fashion discussed a cup of coffee all the afternoon, and ladies in exaggerated finery drove showily out a hundred yards or so. A motor car plunged into the crowd, and it bore a long, stiffly stretched out bundle wound round with bandages: the old women neither stopped crooning nor looked up, the bone and pebble games went on, only a few passers-by nearly run over by the car turned to stare at its burthen. Another car passed, then another; then one discovered them to be passing all day long with their

swathed bundles on stretchers, and like the Neapolitans one grew used to it. Under the arcades of the Galleria one was offered the same postcards and German and English comic papers, invited in vivid and accentuated French to see the same *tableaux vivants*, and overwhelmed with the same pressing proposals of introductions to *jolies dames* by the same cheerful blackguard whom no contumely ever could ruffle. Behind the Teatro San Carlo stood a crowd, which every now and then stopped chattering when the gates of a building at the far end of the square opened. Long, stiff bundles were brought out and hurried away: that was where the motor cars fetched their burthens all day, day after day. The crowd stood and looked, and one knew when a fresh bundle was brought out, because the crowd's chatter ceased suddenly. Some of the bundles seemed still alive: a gaunt old man, his face all bone, stared round him stupidly out of his bandages; a monstrously fat woman lay a helpless mass, her eyes rolling. The motor cars rushed them off through the lively muddle of Neapolitan streets. Only the crowd at the dockyard gates seemed to care, the rest of Naples was too busy lazily living.

The illustrissimo Signore Prefetto and the Lieut.-Colonel Chief of Staff were very busy also, but amiable. The steamer for Messina was sailing, under martial law, that night, and took, besides two or three passengers, provided with a civil and military permit, some 1,500 officers and men, and a cargo of stores. We were bound for "la Città Morta" (the title of D'Annunzio's play has naturally become Italian Journalese), but the docks from which we sailed were as alive as a beehive. I have never seen such small troopers work so busily, or larger men either. Scrubby, dirty and blithe, they trotted backwards, and forwards, loading mat-

tresses, chocolate, timber for huts, into the ship hour after hour. "On dry bread too, and not a drop of wine," said a sympathetic but languid colonel leaning over the ship's side. The officers had not the chirpy energy of the men. They were troubled all day over the question of accommodation on board, and were not best pleased at last when the allotment had to be made at the rate of two captains a berth, only colonels having a bunk apiece. All the while the little troopers were still loading stores, and still gay at it. They put themselves on board at last, and sang, a little wearily perhaps, but still cheerfully, Sicilian songs. We knew them then to be Sicilians themselves. The little troopers in our ship were going home, and few of them knew how much was left of their homes to go to. They nearly all had come from Messina or the neighborhood, and were going back—to what, they did not know. Yet over their onions and bread they cracked childish jokes, then pummelled each other, and finally sang more Sicilian songs, more softly, in the starlit night.

Leisurely white puffs of smoke rolled out of Stromboli as we passed it the next morning, with unbeeding wine-growing villages clustered round its foot and the infant Strombolichio by its side, in the blue sea and under the blue sky. What had been Messina lay quietly spread out in an exquisite air when we entered the straits. The green-brown hills of Sicily on one side and of Calabria on the other, sunny and peaceful, seemed never to have been ruffled. The beautiful bay was the same, the same bright blue sea with sprinkles of white foam lapped it, and the sun in a clear sky warmed it, as if there had been the same lazy and lithe crowd to warm up on the quay out there along the Marina.

Our Sicilian troops on board grew restless and borrowed our glasses.

Among the passengers lunch was a quick and quiet meal. Here sat a land-owner of Messina who had no news of his wife, his children, or his palace; there another man who had heard that his mother was saved, but knew nothing of all his other relatives; there a third who almost knew all his family was lost. They sat impatiently, but quietly, and one understood that self-control does not belong to the North, and that Southern demonstrativeness is one of our fallacies. I went afterwards ashore with two men who seemed impatient to land, but no more than that. They gave no sign of emotion, except that when the boat reached the remains of the wharf they jumped off first, threw some paper money to the boatman and strode away. I heard later on that both went to find out what still stood of their houses and what had become of those within, neither knowing aught.

As the steamer neared Messina, the Sicilian troopers on board used their borrowed glasses and, bit by bit, picked out details of the ruins, still smoking gently here and there. They recognized where this or that church, palace, or cottage had stood, and gave low cries of pain. There was no loud moaning; here and there some drab little old man was querulous and complaining. Could he not get ashore? His house, he feared, was gone, with those in it. He wished to know. "Patience," said the officer at the gangway. But all were patient, incredibly patient. While waiting to go ashore they peered through glasses, and every moment found out afresh that some familiar landmark had vanished. Boatmen came alongside, and while the military authorities still forbade landing could serve at least to give news. Shouts came down from the steamer: "Does such a house stand? and such another? And this and that family, what of them?" "Who knows?" the boatman

called back. "What, have you heard nothing of such a one? Think." "Oh, yes," a boatman shouted up, "he is dead." "Dead? Surely dead?" "Surely." The inquirer on the steamer gave back his borrowed glasses. Another was shouting for news. "Such a house, does it stand? It is my house, do you hear? *My* house." "Who knows?" said the boatman. "Is it then ruined?" "Doubtless." "And my neighbor, so-and-so's? And my cousin's over the way?" "All that is gone." "Ah, ah. Madonna, Madonna." Shouted questions poured down on the boatmen: "My father, is he alive?" "And my wife?" "And mine?" "Who was he?" "Who was she?" "So-and-so and so-and-so." "Yes, she lives." "Who lives? Such a one?" "No, she is dead. I have heard. That other one lives. I remember." It was all wonderfully quiet, and I did not hear one sound of loud wailing. The querulous old men whined pitifully, begging to be allowed ashore, and two or three women lay back in deck chairs, worn out and crying silently—that was all. Most of the men found an outlet by cursing the military authorities who would allow no one to land. Several hours were spent in efforts to discover who was technically in command of the troops we had on board, and who in the port really had authority to order them ashore. "Povera Italia," cried a chorus of civilian officials.

Some of us got ashore at last, and found that they had never imagined anything like what they saw. Standing off Messina, in the blue and sunlit bay, we had, in spite of ourselves, felt that "it cannot be as bad as they say, after all," and in a discussion with an American fellow passenger who, arguing probably from national experience, was persuaded that the disaster had been considerably overstated, I had been led myself into allowing for some slight exaggeration. I remem-

bered with amazement what I had said and wondered whether I really had said it, when I stood in the slush of the sunken wharf of Messina and looked round "in a wild surmise." Exaggeration? I felt how horribly absurd the word was, as I looked. I hurried along the Marina northwards, staring round me, and everything I saw grew worse and worse as I went for miles. I doubled and came back, then started out southwards. It was all just as bad down there. I plunged into side streets, those that were not blocked up with wreckage house high, and under arcades, those that were not still blazing away, and the more I walked the worse it seemed. I spent a day ashore at Messina (not a night—I don't know how anybody did spend a night there on shore) and I walked I don't know how many miles, and I seemed to find almost nothing that had not some horror in it. A placid boy of a British tar smoking (his brave work done) his clay by a little wood fire was all I saw, I think, that was peacefully and untragically human. The rest was a jumble of horrors. The material ruin was so complete, and seemed so long since wrought, that one could hardly believe the destruction dated back six days and had lasted twenty seconds. It all seemed ancient, dust-covered, time-matured ruin. Public buildings, offices, shops, the outer walls of which still stood, looked as if they had stood there dark and deserted, inwardly wrecks, for years, and as if no human business had gone on therein since old memories. Of many more houses and palaces only a little dust remained; here, there, along the Marina, at every step, a rubbish heap that had been a five-floor building. How could piles of stone as well as bricks and mortar have been ground to this dust in twenty seconds? On some hillocks of pounded fragments floated half a wooden rafter, a bit of a stone cornice, or from them stuck out an iron girder; but many rubbish heaps were all dust, all small ground particles. One tried to imagine with what fury a giant hand must have taken the town and shaken it, to shatter it to such bits in twenty seconds. Parts of the town really looked more as if they had been smashed and pounded in a mortar, and pulverized, then shaken. One stared in amazement at these rubbish heaps which had been palaces; they might for all the world have been shot there out of dust-carts, they would not have had less semblance of what they had been. On to the refuse thousands of discarded things had been thrown also, smashed mirrors, portrait frames, torn books, scattered letters, soiled photographs, ragged bed-curtains, or a bit of silver, a tray or a spoon, here and there cast away by mistake; one had to force oneself to understand that it was not so, that trinkets had stood on mantel-shelves, pictures had hung on walls, curtains at windows, letters and books had littered secrétaires, twenty seconds before the whole mass of it had been thrown out on to the dust-heap—the dust which was the house. What was there under the rubbish? One thought of it suddenly. At first the whole ruin seemed so old that it was impossible to think of this dust as having been houses lived in the Sunday before. But one could not long escape one thought, or at least a sensation; as one stood in front of one of these hundreds of rubbish heaps, the smell of carrion slowly came out of it. One could not completely understand at first what the smell meant, then the horror of it overwhelmed one all at once, and after that the smell pursued the sense wherever one went in Messina. I stopped a second to look at this or that pathetic wreck; the horrible smell came slowly out and clung to me. Troopers tramped past laden; the smell again. I looked

and saw what long stiff-swathed bundles they bore. Along the pavement, across the road, at street corners, I came upon the bundles and the smell. Dusk fell, and it seemed to me that I found more and more of these bundles strewn everywhere. An uncanny dread caught me that I should tread on one. Wherever I went I found swathed dead laid down haphazard, across roads, across the Marina, in the Via San Martino, at a corner, by a park, to be buried or burnt, I suppose, by next morning. I passed one solitary body lying alone by the Bank of Italy four times, and each time nearly walked on it in the growing dark. I have never felt a worse sensation than each time that I started back and thought what I might have done.

The living after all were less distressing than the dead. Along the north end of the Marina, in the Piazza della Porta Bassa, and southwards in the Via San Martino, they were camping either in plank huts rigged up by the troops or under tents, some serviceable, others mere makeshifts of rags stretched on poles. They sat round fires on which the pot boiled. Mothers, often about to be mothers again, cuddled their little children quietly. The men were trying to rig up better beds or stave up a weak tent peg, or lay smoking. The bigger children ran about playing. At the very corner of the Piazza I came upon three or four dead bodies in the dark, but the children played about close by all the same. It was extraordinarily quiet and resigned. I did not hear one loud moan in the camps of able-bodied survivors, though I heard worse on the other side of the Marina—five or six hundred men, women and children, howling for bread like animals, and what was worse still than hearing them was seeing them struggling against the barred gates of the park through which the troops were serving

out the bread. There was almost no difference between these human beings, half naked, in grotesque rags, and animals at the Zoo at feeding time. When they had their bread and went back to their camps all their frenzy seemed to fade suddenly away, and they sat down resigned round the fire to eat. I walked in and out of these piteous tents, and no one noticed; they did not mind whether they were looked at or not. I felt ashamed to watch them, but they either did not know or did not care whether they were watched. Yet among them were not only the poor, but the once rich; beggars and nobles who had had palaces were encamped together, they were under the same rag tents and had the same rags about them, and their children played with one another.

Across the Marina wounded women were screaming horribly and incessantly in the camp hospital. I hurried back, night having fallen. Troopers by torchlight were trying to dig out an old man who still lay fifteen feet below in wreckage, praying crazily, fed with broth poured down a narrow channel which had been opened up. Nearly everywhere in the ghostly town it was dark. No one can imagine what darkness felt like in Messina then. Candles and camp fires glimmered here and there, and bits of the wrecked Marina were suddenly lit up by warships' searchlights, but all the rest was darkness. One felt a child's fear of the dark, as if ghosts might come out of their graves of wreckage, and claim, perhaps, a book, a trinket, a photograph, out of the mass of rubbish on which we trod. I was uncommonly glad to get back to a hospitable steamer. As I was getting into the boat to be rowed across, an Italian gentleman, apparently an official who seemed to have spent several days and nights ashore, wanted me to take wine with him, from a jug on a packing

case by a wrenched-off door on two trestles under which he slept in the square opposite the Bank of Italy with several dead bodies lying more or less near by. I think he had himself taken too much wine already, and I admired his courage.

The Contemporary Review.

We sailed for Greece, where at Olympia the walls of the house of Nero are more whole than most of the palaces of Messina, and the living marble of the Hermes of Praxiteles made some of us forget the horror of death.

Laurence Jerrard.

THE COMPANY OF THE MARJOLAINÉ.

'Qu'est-c' qui passe ici si tard,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine?

[This extract from the unpublished papers of the Manorwater family has seemed to the Editor worth printing for its historical interest. The famous Lady Molly Carteron became Countess of Manorwater by her second marriage. She was a wit and a friend of wits, and her nephew, the Honorable Charles Hervey-Townshend (afterwards our Ambassador at The Hague), addressed to her a series of amusing letters while making, after the fashion of his contemporaries, the Grand Tour of Europe. Three letters, written at various places in the Eastern Alps and despatched from Venice, contain the following short narrative.]

I.

I came down from the mountains and into the pleasing valley of the Adige in as pelting a heat as ever mortal suffered under. The way underfoot was parched and white, I had newly come out of a wilderness of white limestone crags, and a sun of Italy blazed blindingly in an azure Italian sky. You are to suppose, my dear aunt, that I had had enough and something more of my craze for foot-marching. A fortnight ago I had gone to Belluno in a post-chaise, dismissed my fellow to carry my baggage by way of Verona, and with no more than a valise on my back plunged into the fastnesses of those mountains. I had a fancy to see the little sculptured hills which made backgrounds for Gianbel-

lin, and there were rumors of great mountains built wholly of marble which shone like the battlements of the Celestial City. So at any rate reported young Mr. Wyndham, who had travelled with me from Milan to Venice. I lay the first night at Pieve, where Titian had the fortune to be born, and the landlord at the inn displayed a set of villainous daubs which he swore were the early works of that master. Thence up a toilsome valley I journeyed to the Ampezzan country, where indeed I saw my white mountains, but, alas! no longer Celestial. For it rained like Westmoreland for five endless days, while I kicked my heels in an inn and turned a canto of Ariosto into halting English couplets. By-and-by it cleared, and I headed westward towards Bozen, among the tangle of wild rocks, where the Dwarf King had once his rose-garden. The first night I had no inn, but slept in the vile cabin of a forester, who spoke a tongue half Latin, half Dutch, which I failed to master. The next day was a blaze of heat, the mountain-paths lay thick with dust, and I had no wine from sunrise to sunset. Can you wonder that, when the following noon I saw Santa Chiara sleeping in its green circlet of meadows, my thought was only of a deep draught and a cool chamber? I protest that I am a great lover of natural beauty, of rock and cascade, and all the properties of the poet; but the enthusiasm of M. Rous-

seau himself would sink from the stars to earth if he had marched since breakfast in a cloud of dust with a throat like the nether millstone.

Yet I had not entered the place before Romance revived. The little town—a mere wayside halting-place on the great mountain-road to the North—had the air of mystery which foretells adventure. Why is it that a dwelling or a countenance catches the fancy with the promise of some strange destiny? I have houses in my mind which I know will some day and somehow be inter-twined oddly with my life; and I have faces in memory of which I know nothing save that I shall undoubtedly cast eyes again upon them. My first glimpse of Santa Chiara gave me this earnest of romance. It was walled and fortified, the streets were narrow pits of shade, old tenements with bent front swayed to meet each other. Melons lay drying on flat roofs, and yet now and then would come a high-pitched northern gable. Latin and Teuton met and mingled in the place, and, as Mr. Gibbon has taught us, the offspring of this admixture is something fantastic and unpredictable. I forgot my grievous thirst and my tired feet in admiration and a certain vague expectation of wonders. Here, ran my thought, it is fated, maybe, that Romance and I shall at last compass a meeting. Perchance some princess is in need of my arm, or some affair of high policy is afoot in this jumble of old masonry. You will laugh at my folly, but I had an excuse for it. A fortnight in strange mountains disposes a man to look for something at his next encounter with his kind, and the sight of Santa Chiara would have fired the imagination of a judge in Chancery.

I strode happily into the courtyard of the Tre Croci, and presently had my expectation confirmed. For I found my fellow, Gianbattista,—a faithful

rogue I got in Rome on a Cardinal's recommendation,—hot in dispute with a lady's-maid. The woman was old, harsh-featured—no Italian clearly, though she spoke fluently in the tongue. She rated my man like a pick-pocket, and the dispute was over a room.

"The signor will bear me out," said Gianbattista. "Was not I sent to Verona with his baggage, and thence to this place of ill manners? Was I not bidden engage for him a suite of apartments? Did I not duly engage these fronting on the gallery, and dispose therein the signor's baggage? And lo! an hour ago I found it all turned into the yard and this woman installed in its place. It is monstrous, unbearable! Is this an inn for travellers, or haply the private mansion of those Magnificences?"

"My servant speaks truly," I said firmly yet with courtesy, having no mind to spoil adventure by urging rights. "He had orders to take these rooms for me, and I know not what higher power can countermand me."

The woman had been staring at me scornfully, for no doubt in my dusty habit I was a figure of small dignity; but at the sound of my voice she started, and cried out, "You are English, signor?"

I bowed my admission.

"Then my mistress shall speak with you," she said, and dived into the inn like an elderly rabbit.

Gianbattista was for sending for the landlord and making a riot in that hostelry; but I stayed him, and bidding him fetch me a flask of white wine, three lemons, and a glass of *eau de vie*, I sat down peacefully at one of the little tables in the courtyard and prepared for the quenching of my thirst. Presently, as I sat drinking that excellent compound of my own invention, my shoulder was touched, and I turned to find the maid and her mistress.

Alas for my hopes of a glorious being, young and lissom and bright with the warm riches of the south! I saw a short, stout little lady, well on the wrong side of thirty. She had plump red cheeks and fair hair dressed indifferently in the Roman fashion. Two candid blue eyes redeemed her plainness, and a certain grave and genteel dignity. She was notably a gentlewoman, so I got up, doffed my hat, and awaited her commands.

She spoke in Italian. "Your pardon, signor, but I fear my good Cristine has done you unwittingly a wrong."

Cristine snorted at this premature plea of guilty, while I hastened to assure the fair apologist that any rooms I might have taken were freely at her service.

I spoke unconsciously in English, and she replied in a halting parody of that tongue. "I understand him," she said, "but I do not speak him happily. I will discourse, if the signor pleases, in our first speech."

She and her father, it appeared, had come over the Brenner, and arrived that morning at the Tre Croci, where they purposed to lie for some days. He was an old man, very feeble, and much depending upon her constant care. Wherefore it was necessary that the rooms of all the party should adjoin, and there was no suite of the size in the inn save that which I had taken. Would I therefore consent to forego my right, and place her under an eternal debt?

I agreed most readily, being at all times careless where I sleep, so the bed be clean, or where I eat, so the meal be good. I bade my servant see the landlord and have my belongings carried to other rooms. Madame thanked me sweetly, and would have gone, when a thought detained her.

"It is but courteous," she said, "that you should know the names of those whom you have befriended. My father

is called the Count d'Albani, and I am his only daughter. We travel to Florence, where we have a villa in the environs."

"My name," said I, "is Hervey-Townshend, an Englishman travelling abroad for his entertainment."

"Hervey?" she repeated, "Are you one of the family of Miladi Hervey?"

"My worthy aunt," I replied, with a tender recollection of that preposterous woman.

Madame turned to Cristine, and spoke rapidly in a whisper.

"My father, sir," she said, addressing me, "is an old frail man, little used to the company of strangers; but in former days he has had kindness from members of your house, and it would be a satisfaction to him, I think, to have the privilege of your acquaintance."

She spoke with the air of a vizier who promises a traveller a sight of the Grand Turk. I murmured my gratitude, and hastened after Gianbattista. In an hour I had bathed, rid myself of my beard, and arrayed myself in decent clothing. Then I strolled out to inspect the little city, admired an altar-piece, chattered with a Jew for a cameo, purchased some small necessities, and returned early in the afternoon with a noble appetite for dinner.

The Tre Croci had been in happier days a bishop's lodging, and possessed a dining-hall ceiled with black oak and adorned with frescoes. It was used as a general *salle à manger* for all dwellers in the inn, and there accordingly I sat down to my long-deferred meal. At first there were no other diners, and I had two maids, as well as Gianbattista, to attend on my wants. Presently Madame d'Albani entered, escorted by Cristine and by a tall gaunt serving-man, who seemed no part of the hostelry. The landlord followed, bowing civilly, and the two women seated themselves at the little

table at the farther end. "Il Signor Conte dines in his room," said Madame to the host, who withdrew to see to that gentleman's needs.

I found my eyes straying often to the little party in the cool twilight of that refectory. The man-servant was so old and battered, and yet of such a dignity, that he lent a touch of intrigue to the thing. He stood stiffly behind Madame's chair, handing dishes with an air of silent reverence—the lackey of a great noble, if ever I had seen the type. Madame never glanced towards me, but conversed sparingly with Cristine, while she pecked delicately at her food. Her name ran in my head with a tantalizing flavor of the familiar. Albani! D'Albani! It was a name not uncommon in the Roman States, but I had never heard it linked to a noble family. And yet I had, somehow, somewhere, and in the vain effort at recollection I had almost forgotten my hunger. There was nothing bourgeois in the little lady. The austere servants, the high manner of condescension, spake of a stock used to deference, though, maybe, pitifully decayed in its fortunes. There was a mystery in these quiet folk which tickled my curiosity. Romance after all was not destined to fall me at Santa Chiara.

My doings of the afternoon were of interest to myself alone. Suffice it to say that when I returned at nightfall I found Gianbattista the trustee of a letter. It was from Madame, written in a fine thin hand on a delicate paper, and it invited me to wait upon the signor, her father, that evening at eight o'clock. What caught my eye was a coronet stamped in a corner. A coronet, I say, but in truth it was a crown, the same as surmounts the Arms Royal of England on the sign-board of a Court tradesman. I marvelling at the ways of foreign heraldry. Either this family of d'Albani had

higher pretensions than I had given it credit for, or it employed an unlearned and imaginative stationer. I scribbled a line of acceptance and went to dress. The hour of eight found me knocking at the Count's door. The grim serving-man admitted me to the pleasant chamber which should have been mine own. A dozen wax candles burned in sconces, and on the table among fruits and the relics of supper stood a handsome candelabra of silver. A small fire of logs had been lit on the hearth, and before it in an arm-chair sat a strange figure of a man. He seemed not so much old as aged. I should have put him at sixty, but the marks he bore were clearly less those of Time than of Life. There sprawled before me the relics of noble looks. The fleshy nose, the pendulous cheek, the drooping mouth, had once been cast in the lines of manly beauty. Heavy eyebrows above and heavy bags beneath spoiled the effect of a choleric blue eye, which age had not dimmed. The man was gross and yet haggard; it was not the padding of good living which clothed his bones, but a heaviness as of some dropsical malady. I could picture him in health a gaunt loose-limbed being, high-featured and swift and eager. He was dressed wholly in black velvet, with fresh ruffles and wristbands, and he wore heeled shoes with antique silver buckles. It was a figure of an older age which rose slowly to greet me, in one hand a snuff-box and a purple handkerchief, and in the other a book with finger marking place. He made me a great bow as Madame uttered my name, and held out a hand with a kindly smile.

"Mr. Hervey-Townshend," he said, "we will speak English, if you please. I am fain to hear it again, for 'tis a tongue I love. I make you welcome, sir, for your own sake and for the sake of your kin. How is her honor-

able ladyship, your aunt? A week ago she sent me a letter."

I answered that she did famously, and wondered what cause of correspondence my worthy aunt could have with wandering nobles of Italy.

He motioned me to a chair between Madame and himself, while a servant set a candle on a shelf behind him. Then he proceeded to catechise me in excellent English, with now and then a phrase of French, as to the doings in my own land. Admirably informed this Italian gentleman proved himself. I defy you to find in Almach's more intelligent gossip. He inquired as to the chances of my Lord North and the mind of my Lord Rockingham. He had my Lord Shelburne's foibles at his fingers' ends. The habits of the Prince, the aims of their ladyships of Dorset and Buckingham, the extravagance of this noble Duke and that right honorable gentleman were not hid from him. I answered discreetly yet frankly, for there was no ill-breeding in his curiosity. Rather it seemed like the inquiries of some fine lady, now buried deep in the country, as to the doings of a forsaken Mayfair. There was humor in it and something of pathos.

"My aunt must be a voluminous correspondent, sir," I said.

He laughed. "I have many friends in England who write to me, but I have seen none of them for long, and I doubt I may never see them again. Also in my youth I have been in England." And he sighed as at a sorrowful recollection.

Then he showed the book in his hand. "See," he said, "here is one of your English writings, the greatest book I have ever happened on." It was a volume of Mr. Fielding.

For a little he talked of books and poets. He admired Mr. Fielding profoundly, Dr. Smollett somewhat less, Mr. Richardson not at all. But he

was clear that England had a monopoly of good writers, saving only my friend M. Rousseau, whom he valued, yet with reservations. Of the Italians he had no opinion. I instanced against him the plays of Signor Alfieri. He groaned, shook his head, and grew moody.

"Know you Scotland?" he asked suddenly.

I replied that I had visited Scotch cousins, but had no great estimation of the country. "It is too poor and jagged," I said, "for the taste of one who loves color and sunshine and suave outlines."

He sighed. "It is indeed a bleak land, but a kindly. When the sun shines at all he shines on the truest hearts in the world. I love its bleakness too. There is a spirit in the misty hills and the harsh sea-wind which inspires men to great deeds. Poverty and courage go often together, and my Scots, if they are poor, are as untameable as their mountains."

"You know the land, sir?" I asked.

"I have seen it, and I have known many Scots. You will find them in Paris and Avignon and Rome, with never a plack in their pockets. I have a feeling for exiles, sir, and I have pitied these poor people. They gave their all for the cause they followed."

Clearly the Count shared my aunt's views of history, those views which have made such sport for us often at Carteron. Stalwart Whig as I am, there was something in the tone of the old gentleman which made me feel a certain majesty in the lost cause.

"I am Whig in blood and Whig in principle," I said, "but I have never denied that those Scots who followed the Chevalier were too good to waste on so trumpery a leader." I had no sooner spoken the words than I felt that somehow I had been guilty of a *bêtise*.

"It may be so," said the Count. "I

did not bid you here, sir, to argue on politics, on which I am assured we should differ. But I will ask you one question. The King of England is a stout upholder of the right of kings. How does he face the defection of his American possessions?"

"The nation takes it well enough, and as for his Majesty's feelings there is small inclination to inquire into them. I conceive of the whole war as a blunder out of which we have come as we deserved. The day is gone by for the assertion of monarchic rights against the will of a people."

"May be. But take note that the King of England is suffering to-day as—how do you call him?—the Chevalier suffered forty years ago. 'The wheel has come full circle,' as your Shakespeare says. Time has wrought his revenge."

He was staring into a fire, which burned small and smokily.

"You think the day for kings is ended. I read it differently. The world will ever have need of kings. If a nation cast out one it will have to find another. And mark you, those later kings, created by the people, will bear a harsher hand than the old race who ruled as of right. Some day the world will regret having destroyed the kindly and legitimate line of monarchs and put in their place tyrants who govern by the sword or by flattering an idle mob."

This belated dogma would at other times have set me laughing, but the strange figure before me gave no impulse to merriment. I glanced at Madame, and saw her face grave and perplexed, and I thought I read a warning gleam in her eye. There was a mystery about the party which irritated me, but good breeding forbade me to seek a clue.

"You will permit me to retire, sir," I said. "I have but this morning come down from a long march among the

mountains east of this valley. Sleeping in wayside huts and tramping those sultry paths make a man think pleasantly of bed."

The Count seemed to brighten at my words. "You are a marcher, sir, and love the mountains? Once I would gladly have joined you, for in my youth I was a great walker in hilly places. Tell me, now, how many miles will you cover in a day?"

I told him thirty at a stretch.

"Ah," he said, "I have done fifty, without food, over the roughest and mossiest mountains. I lived on what I shot, and for drink I had spring water. Nay, I am forgetting. There was another beverage, which I assume you have never tasted. Heard you ever, sir, of that *eau de vie* which the Scots call *usquebagh*? It will comfort a traveller as no thin Italian wine will comfort him. By my soul, you shall taste it. Charlotte, my dear, bid Oliphant fetch glasses and hot water and lemons. I will give Mr. Hervey-Townshend a sample of the brew. You English are all *têtes-de-fer*, sir, and are worthy of it."

The old man's face had lighted up, and for the moment his air had the jollity of youth. I would have accepted the entertainment had I not again caught Madame's eye. It said, unmistakably and with serious pleading, "Decline." I, therefore, made my excuses, urged fatigue, drowsiness, and a delicate stomach, bade my host good-night, and in deep mystification left the room.

Enlightenment came upon me as the door closed. There on the threshold stood the man-servant whom they called Oliphant, erect as a sentry on guard. The sight reminded me of what I had once seen at Basle when by chance a Rhenish Grand Duke had shared the inn with me. Of a sudden a dozen clues linked together—the crowned notepaper, Scotland, my aunt

Hervey's politics, the tale of old wanderings.

"Tell me," I said in a whisper, "who is the Count d'Albani, your master?" and I whistled softly a bar of "Charlie is my darling."

"Ay," said the man, without relaxing a muscle of his grim face. "It is the King of England—my king and yours."

II.

In the small hours of the next morning I was awoke by a most unearthly sound. It was as if all the cats on all the roofs of Santa Chiara were sharpening their claws and wailing their battle-cries. Presently out of the noise came a kind of music—very slow, solemn, and melancholy. The notes ran up in great flights of ecstasy, and sunk anon to the tragic deeps. In spite of my sleepiness I was held spell-bound, and the musician had concluded with certain barbaric grunts before I had the curiosity to rise. It came from somewhere in the gallery of the inn, and as I stuck my head out of my door I had a glimpse of Oliphant, nightcap on head and a great bagpipe below his arm, stalking down the corridor.

The incident, for all the gravity of the music, seemed to give a touch of farce to my interview of the past evening. I had gone to bed with my mind full of sad stories of the deaths of kings. Magnificence in tatters has always affected my pity more deeply than tatters with no such antecedent, and a monarch out at elbows stood for me as the last irony of our mortal life. Here was a king whose misfortunes could find no parallel. He had been in his youth the hero of a high adventure, and his middle age had been spent in fleeting among the courts of Europe, and waiting—a pensioner on the whims of his foolish but regnant brethren. I had heard tales of a growing sottishness, a decline in spirit,

a squalid taste in pleasures. Small blame, I had alway thought, to so ill-fated a princeling. And now I had chanced upon the gentleman in his dotage, travelling with a barren effort at mystery, attended by a sad-faced daughter and two ancient domestics. It was a lesson in the vanity of human wishes which the shallowest moralist would have noted. Nay, I felt more than the moral. Something human and kindly in the old fellow had caught my fancy. The decadence was too tragic to prose about, the decadent too human to moralize on. I had left the chamber of the—shall I say *de jure* King of England?—a sentimental adherent of the cause. But this business of the bagpipes touched the comic. To harry an old valet out of bed and set him droning on pipes in the small hours smacked of a theatrical taste, or at least of an undignified fancy. Kings in exile, if they wish to keep the tragic air, should not indulge in such fantastic serenades.

My mind changed again when after breakfast I fell in with Madame on the stair. She drew aside to let me pass, and then made as if she would speak to me. I gave her good-morning, and, my mind being full of her story, addressed her as "Excellency."

"I see, sir," she said, "that you know the truth. I have to ask your forbearance for the concealment I practised yesterday. It was a poor requital for your generosity, but it is one of the shifts of our sad fortune. An uncrowned king must go in disguise, or risk the laughter of every stable-boy. Besides, we are too poor to travel in state, even if we desired it."

Honestly, I knew not what to say. I was not asked to sympathize, having already revealed my politics, and yet the case cried out for sympathy. You remember, my dear aunt, the good Lady Culham, who was our Dorsetshire neighbor, and tried hard to mend

my ways at Carteron? This poor Duchess—for so she called herself—was just such another. A woman made for comfort, housewifery, and motherhood, and by no means for racing about Europe in charge of a disreputable parent. I could picture her settled equably on a garden seat with a lap-dog and needlework, blinking happily over green lawns and mildly ratting an errant gardener. I could fancy her sitting in a summer parlor, very orderly and dainty, writing lengthy epistles to a tribe of nieces. I could see her marshalling a household in the family pew, or riding serenely in the family coach behind fat bay horses. But here, on an inn staircase, with a false name and a sad air of mystery, she was woefully out of place. I noted little wrinkles forming in the corners of her eyes, and the ravages of care beginning in the plump rosiness of her face. Be sure there was nothing appealing in her mien. She spoke with an air of a great lady, to whom the world is matter only for an after-thought. It was the facts that appealed and grew poignant from her courage.

"There is another claim upon your good-nature," she said. "Doubtless you were awake last night by Oliphant's playing upon the pipes. I rebuked the landlord for his insolence in protesting, but to you, a gentleman and a friend, an explanation is due. My father sleeps ill, and your conversation seems to have cast him into a train of sad memories. It has been his habit on such occasions to have the pipes played to him, since they remind him of friends and happier days. It is a small privilege for an old man, and he does not claim it often."

I declared that the music had only pleased, and that I would welcome its repetition. Whereupon she left me with a little bow and an invitation to join them that day at dinner, while I

departed into the town on my own errands. I returned before midday, and was seated at an arbor in the garden, busy with letters, when there hove in sight the gaunt figure of Oliphant. He hovered around me, if such a figure can be said to hover, with the obvious intention of addressing me. The fellow had caught my fancy, and I was willing to see more of him. His face might have been hacked out of gray granite, his clothes hung loosely on his spare bones, and his stockinginged shanks would have done no discredit to Don Quixote. There was no dignity in his air, only a steady and enduring sadness. Here, thought I, is the one of the establishment who most commonly meets the shock of the world's buffets. I called him by name and asked him his desires.

It appeared that he took me for a Jacobite, for he began a rigmarole about loyalty and hard fortune. I hastened to correct him, and he took the correction with the same patient despair with which he took all things. 'Twas but another of the blows of Fate.

"At any rate," he said in a broad Scotch accent, "ye come of kin that has helpit my maister afore this. I've many times heard tell o' Herveyes and Townshends in England, and a' folk said they were on the richt side. Ye're maybe no a freend, but ye're a freend's freend, or I wadna be speirin' at ye."

I was amused at the prologue, and waited on the tale. It soon came. Oliphant, it appeared, was the purse-bearer of the household, and woful straits that poor purse-bearer must have been often put to. I questioned him as to his master's revenues, but could get no clear answer. There were payments due next month in Florence which would solve the difficulties for the winter, but in the meantime expenditure had beaten income. Travelling had cost much, and the Count

must have his small comforts. The result in plain words was that Oliphant had not the wherewithal to frank the company to Florence; indeed I doubted if he could have paid the reckoning in Santa Chiara. A loan was therefore sought from a friend's friend, meaning myself.

I was very really embarrassed. Not that I would not have given willingly, for I had ample resources at the moment and was mightily concerned about the sad household. But I knew that the little Duchess would take Oliphant's ears from his head if she guessed that he had dared to borrow from me, and that if I lent, her back would for ever be turned against me. And yet, what would follow on my refusal? In a day or two there would be a pitiful scene with mine host, and as like as not some of their baggage detained as security for payment. I did not love the task of conspiring behind the lady's back, but if it could be contrived 'twas indubitably the kindest course. I glared sternly at Oliphant, who met me with his pathetic dog-like eyes.

"You know that your mistress would never consent to the request you have made of me?"

"I ken," he said humbly. "But payin' is *my* job, and I simply havena the siller. It's no the first time it has happened, and it's a sair trial for them both to be flung out o' doors by a foreign hostler because they canna meet his charges. But, sir, if ye can lend to me, ye may be certain that her ledyship will never hear a word o't. Puir thing, she takes nae thocht o' where the siller comes frae, ony mair than the lilies o' the field."

I became a conspirator. "You swear, Oliphant, by all you hold sacred, to breathe nothing of this to your mistress, and if she should suspect, to lie like a Privy Councillor?"

A flicker of a smile crossed his face.

"I'll lee like a Scotch packman, and the Father o' lees could do nae mair. Ye need have no fear for your siller, sir. I've aye repaid when I borrowed, though ye may have to wait a bittock." And the strange fellow strolled off.

At dinner no Duchess appeared till long after the appointed hour, nor was there any sign of Oliphant. When she came at last with Cristine, her eyes looked as if she had been crying, and she greeted me with remote courtesy. My first thought was that Oliphant had revealed the matter of the loan, but presently I found that the lady's trouble was far different. Her father, it seemed, was ill again with his old complaint. What that was I did not ask, nor did the Duchess reveal it.

We spoke in French, for I had discovered that this was her favorite speech. There was no Oliphant to wait on us, and the inn servants were always about, so it was well to have a tongue they did not comprehend. The lady was distracted and sad. When I inquired feelingly as to the general condition of her father's health she parried the question, and when I offered my services she disregarded my words. It was in truth a doleful meal, while the faded Cristine sat like a sphinx staring into vacancy. I spoke of England and of her friends, of Paris and Versailles, of Avignon where she had spent some years, and of the amanities of Florence, which she considered her home. But 'twas like talking to a nunnery door. I got nothing but "It is indeed true, sir," or "Do you say so, sir?" till my energy began to sink. Madame perceived my discomfort, and as she rose murmured an apology. "Pray forgive my distraction, but I am poor company when my father is ill. I have a foolish mind, easily frightened. Nay, nay!" she went on when I again offered help, "the illness is tri-

fling. It will pass off by to-morrow, or at the latest the next day. Only I had looked forward to some ease at Santa Chiara, and the promise is belied."

As it chanced that evening, returning to the inn, I passed by the north side where the windows of the Count's rooms looked over a little flower-garden abutting on the courtyard. The dusk was falling, and a lamp had been lit which gave a glimpse into the interior. The sick man was standing by the window, his figure flung into relief by the lamplight. If he was sick, his sickness was of a curious type. His face was ruddy, his eye wild, and, his wig being off, his scanty hair stood up oddly round his head. He seemed to be singing, but I could not catch the sound through the shut casement. Another figure in the room, probably Oliphant, laid a hand on the Count's shoulder, drew him from the window, and closed the shutter.

It needed only the recollection of stories which were the property of all

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(*To be concluded.*)

A FOURTEENTH CENTURY LIFE OF CHRIST.*

For five hundred years the bees in summer have gathered honey, the grouse in winter have cowered beneath the snow-shrouded heather upon the moors about Osmotherley, since Nicholas Love, having written these words, and the prayer,

Jesu lorde thy blessid lyf
helpe and conforte oure wrecchid lyf.

laid down his pen.

In the year of redemption fourteen hundred and nine, almost certainly, for

* "The Mirour of the blessed lyf of Jesu Christ," a translation of the Latin work entitled *Meditationes Vita Christi*, attributed to Cardinal Bonaventura, made before the year 1410 by Nicholas Love, Prior of the Carthusian Monastery of Mount Grace. Edited by Lawrence F. Powell, and printed at Oxford at the Clarendon Press. MCMVII.

Europe to reach a conclusion on the gentleman's illness. The legitimate King of England was very drunk.

As I went to my room that night I passed the Count's door. There stood Oliphant as sentry, more grim and haggard than ever, and I thought that his eye met mine with a certain intelligence. From inside the room came a great racket. There was the sound of glasses falling, then a string of oaths, English, French, and for all I know, Irish, rapped out in a loud drunken voice. A pause, and then came the sound of maudlin singing. It pursued me along the gallery, an old childish song, delivered at if 'twere a pot-house catch—

Qu'est-c' qui passe ici si tard,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine—"

One of the late-going company of the Marjolaine hastened to bed. This king in exile, with his melancholy daughter, was becoming too much for him.

John Buchan.

in fourteen hundred and ten his translation was presented to Archbishop Arundel, that hammer of the Lollards. Prior Nicholas finished the work he had undertaken for the nourriture of the faithful and the confounding of heresy.

The actual copy of the Latin manuscript, formerly in Nicholas Love's possession, and from which he worked, is preserved in the library of Ripon Minister. Its authorship is variously ascribed to St. Bonaventura, to the Au-

rence F. Powell, and printed at Oxford at the Clarendon Press. MCMVII.
Iste liber translatus fuit de latino in anglum per dominum Nicholaum love Priorem Monasterij de Monte grace ordinis cartusensis.

gustinian Cardinal Bonaventura of Padua, Petrarch's friend, and to Joannes Gorus, most frequently to the first-named. The *Meditationes Vitae Christi* were popular, and were rendered into the vernacular of most European countries. Nicholas Love was presumably the Nicholas, Prior of Mount Grace, who in 1415 received a confirmation of the grant of the alien priory of Hinckley, in Leicestershire from Henry V., and beyond this and the fact that he made this translation (for its ascription in one of the Bodleian manuscripts to a certain T. Merton, or Morton, is probably merely due to a copyist's record of his copying work) nothing else is known of him. He was the third prior of the house, which was founded by Thomas de Holland, half-brother of Richard II., in 1397, only two years before that ill-fated king met his death in Pomfret Castle, about as far south of York as the priory was north. Nearly two hundred years had passed since the establishment in 1222 of the first Carthusian house in England, and even at the suppression the total number was under a dozen, but at this particular time the order must have made some exceptionally strong appeal to the imagination of the devout, for when shortly afterwards Henry V. made atonement for the usurpation of his father it was a Carthusian house that he erected at Shene. No murmur of flowing water soothed the ear at Mount Grace, as at so many of the great Yorkshire monasteries. Traces of the fishponds are still to be detected, but the main supply of fish was probably brought from Tees mouth across the moors, as scarcely sixty years since was still the case.

This house of silence more resembled one of the ancient Lauras of the early Christians than the communal household we are accustomed to reconstruct mentally at the name of monas-

tery. Each in his little cot enclosed, the brethren met only in church and in chapter. The hatch through which their food was passed to them still remains in many of the Mount Grace cells.

What like was the social condition of the times we know, if not from Chaucer, who died in 1400, or Langland, whose *Piers Plowman* appeared in 1401, from the vivid pictures put before us by such gifted writers of our own day as Abbot Gasquet and M. Jusserand. Nicholas Love's constant occupations, the administration of his community discharged, would be, as Peter the Abbot of Cluny records of the Carthusians at large, "praying, reading, and manual labor, which consists chiefly in transcribing books." Up to the lonely house by the moor, where the wooded scarp to eastward intercepted the morning light, would come traveller or wandering friar or mendicant and bear him tales of how things were going in the great world, how (in 1407) John Huss was propagating in Aleman and Boheme the pernicious doctrines of the English heresiarch, how (in 1409) the books of Wyclif himself were publicly burned at Oxford; wars and rumors of wars, plague, pestilence, and famine would cast some shadow, if only faint, on the cloistered purleus of Mount Grace de Ingelby; and Nicholas Love, as beseemed his name, would brood on some spiritual salve for the wounds inflicted by the ravening wolf. And so he devised his version of Bonaventure, printed, after he himself had gone to his account, by Caxton, who was not born when he wrote, later by Pynson, still later by Wynkyn de Worde, and now, after five hundred years, yet again by Mr. L. F. Powell, of Oxford, in the edition before us. Nicholas availed himself of marginalia to indicate the progress of his narrative and to draw attention to the authorities of the statements in

the text, but, as he is careful to explain before setting forth, he also studded the margins with the letters N and B here and there. The N signifies the place where the translator comments in his own person, the B the point at which Bonaventure's narrative is resumed. In his proem he remarks of his author, "the whiche scripture and writyng for the fructuouse mater thereof, sterynge specially to the loue of Jesu, and also for the pleynے sentence to comune understandyng, semeth, among othere, souereynly ediflenghe to symple creatures; the whiche, as children, hauen nede to be fedde with mylke of lichte doctrine and not with sadde mete of grete clergie and of highe contemplacioun."

It is astonishing, once the trifling obstacle of orthography is swept aside, how easily comprehensible is the good prior's English. Here and there a remnant of Norman French crops up, as when he uses fructuous where we should write fruitful, cracche (*crèche*) for manger, or chere where we use dear. Constantly the plural en and the termination lich for ly point to the Saxon. Here and there we meet words of which the meaning has developed into something other than the original. For instance, we find sad and sadly throughout, meaning, serious, steadfastly, while kind and kindly represent what we should express by nature and naturally—"to loue and desire gostly invisible things that he kyndely knoweth not"—which throw an altogether unfamiliar light on so familiar an expression as the kindly fruits of the earth. The proem ends in the homely, devout fashion of the time, when none was too lofty to claim the prayers of the lowly: "who so redeth or hereth this booke felyng euy goostly swetnes or grace therethrough prele he for charitie specialy for the auctour and the drawere out thereof as it is writen here in Englisshe to the

profyte of symple and deuout soules."

Following the precedent of no less venerable a work than the Book of Job, Bonaventure's narrative opens with a great Council on High, where the abject condition of fallen man is recounted and Gabriel the Archangel presents a petition for his reinstatement before the Kyng of Heuene. What is recorded is closely akin to the conventional Mystery of the period. Mercy and Soothfastness, Righteousness and Peace, impersonal qualities personified (as why should they not be?), plead for and against the cause of man gravely as in a court of law. No agreement being arrived at, they are referred by the Omnipotent to Sovereign Wisdom, from whose lips comes the flat that God must Himself immolate Himself to satisfy Divine Justice. Then the Person of the Trinity who shall take on the office of Redeemer is debated, and Reason assigns the office to the Second Person, whereupon Mercy and Soothfastness, Righteousness and Peace "weren kessid and made acorde." Straightway we enter on the narrative of the Redemption, from the girlhood of Mary Virgin to the descent of the Holy Ghost, all closely modelled on the Gospel account, with occasional conjectural embellishment from tradition.

For the excursion into the Courts of Heaven, Prior Nicholas does not recount it as a veritable happening, but says at the outset that we may "firste deuoutliche ymagine and thenke somme thinges done byfore touching god and his aungels in heuene." This simple precaution has a parallel in a life of St. Mary Magdalen by some unknown fourteenth-century Italian writer, recently translated by Miss Valentine Hawtrey. There the narrator constantly throws in the words "I think," to guard against the accusation of having added aught unauthentic to the life of the saint.

Nicholas Love's book closes with a

"schort trety" De Sacramento Corporis Christi, which may possibly be of his own compilation. It consists mainly of legends and tradition regarding signs and wonders which were manifested both to the faithful and the unbelieving, and which are recorded "to confusoun of all false lollardes and heretikes."

One of these legends tells how Leofric, the husband of Godiva, and his king, St. Edward, beheld the image of their Lord as the priest elevated the Host in Westminster Abbey. This is given on the authority of St. Alfred, Abbot of Ryaws (Rievaulx), a house not far distant from Mount Grace. Another tells of a similar appearance, this time in the form of a little child, vouchsafed to St. Hugh, of Lincoln, "the first monke of the ordre of charterhouse and priour of Wyttcham" (Witham, Somerset). It is easy to see that this would be a favorite in all the Charterhouses. Two others rest on the authority of Pope St. Gregory, of which one has a startling resemblance to the miracle of Bolseno, and the other, a trifle revolting to our modern ideas, records the changing

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of the Host into a human finger.

And to what "symplesoules" did Prior Nicholas address his book? We have no means of knowing. The priests in his Domus de Mount Grace probably knew Latin as well as he. His lay brothers were not numerous. The country was sparsely populated; here and there, at long distances, a solitary grange. Was it to the Strangwayes at Harlsey Castle who were afterwards to receive the priory at the hand of the spoiler? or to the Meineills at Whorlton Castle, nigh at hand as Harlsey? Or to the Conyers, the Darcys, the Mauleverers, the Askes, the Nortons, all the train of high-born knights and dames who yet must be taught to put on meekness as a garment and become as "symplesoules" as little children if they would indeed inherit the earth? We do not know whom he had in his mind, but his meaning was clear, and doubtless to some "symplesoules" even at this day he, being dead, yet speaketh. It was a worthy task which Mr. Powell and the Clarendon Press undertook when they resolved to put Nicholas Love's homily once more before the world.

Frederic Chapman.

BIRD MIGRATION IN WINTER.

Twice within the last three years the normal winter movements of the birds which people our islands at this season have been intensified by a sudden burst of cold weather at Christmastime into a vast and simultaneous migration to the warm south-west. A week ago a letter was published in these columns from a correspondent who described the passage of an innumerable flight of birds over his garden near Torquay on the Tuesday after Christmas, which over a great part of England was the bitterest December day within living memory. The pas-

sage of such a vast mixed multitude of birds in broad daylight is an event which seldom falls more than once within the experience of any observer. The great migrations at spring and autumn, which are familiar to many lighthouse-keepers, and formed the prolonged study of Dr. Gatzke on his outpost of Heligoland, take place for the most part by night, though straggling flocks and parties of our summer birds may be seen alighting fairly often on the Kent and Sussex shore in March and April by day. It needs a sudden inrush of bitter cold from the

east and north, following a period of earlier winter so mild that the birds are tempted to linger late on their southern way, to send their myriads streaming from shire to shire till the south-western corner of England contains a fugitive population gathered from thousands of square miles.

Though it came a day or two earlier, and did not bring quite such violent and bitter weather, the cold spell which set in on Christmas Day, 1906, produced the same sudden flight of myriads of land-birds into the southwest of England as was reported last week. Mr. W. H. Hudson has described in a book which we reviewed last summer how multitudes of small birds in a state of extreme exhaustion were driven to the remotest headlands of Cornwall, and swarmed even in the open spaces of the fishing towns and upon the shore. That flight of 1906 will form a lasting landmark in the history of bird protection in England. Widespread indignation was aroused by Mr. Hudson's description of the manner in which the starving birds were caught with baited fish-hooks by men and boys, with many attendant circumstances of complete brutality; and this traditional practice of "teagling," as it is locally called, has since been made illegal. To judge, however, by the incompleteness of the enforcement of the Wild Birds Protection Acts as a whole, it will yet need a good deal of vigilance to stamp out this practice in West Cornwall; and it would be interesting to know what treatment the migrating birds met with last week, if, as is probable, they reached the same remote corner of the mainland.

Though the spectacle of a great multitude of birds unbrokenly pouring westward before a bitter wind is one which vividly impresses the onlooker with a sense of the magnitude of the emergency which drives them, there is

actually less suffering caused by such a sudden and transitory burst of Arctic weather than by wasting periods of frost which take the birds less at unawares, and include no reading of the thermometer so low as occurred last week. With all the tenderer birds of summer long departed from our shores, no spell of frost which lasts only for three or four days is very destructive to the hardier kinds. The normal life of most of our birds in any but the mildest winter is one of repeated migration on a smaller scale; and our pastures and stubble fields are peopled from October until April with immigrant flocks of many different species, which seek our milder climate when the rigor of winter closes upon Northern Germany and other Baltic lands. The difference between this normal winter migration and the simultaneous movements of immense numbers of birds may be compared to the quiet rising of the tide on an open coast and the surge of the tidal bore up the Severn or Solway channels. It is, perhaps, the suddenness of the onset of such cold weather as that of last week, as well as the bitterness of the winter nights, which induces the land birds to fly pell-mell by daylight, in the way which specially impresses the human observer. In these winter migrations they have no such strangely definite goal before them as draws the swallow and the redstart in spring from the depths of Africa to the four walls of an English byre. Their object seems merely to escape from the cold and the frost which binds the earth in which many of them find their food; and when the wind blows from the north and east they rove south and west until they pass beyond the limits of its range, or until their strength fails them on the verge of the Atlantic. Yet, although their general direction is one of escape from the cold wind behind them, it is noticeable that in

many cases, if not generally, they no more fly directly before the wind on these winter migrations than they do on the spring passage. From the more careful observations which have been made in recent seasons on the south coast, it appears that the best conditions for the crossing of the Channel by the weaker land birds are when the wind blows on their flank, and not, as might be supposed, when it is dead behind them. A beam wind seems to aid these delicate living aeroplanes in preserving their equilibrium far better than one which presses them down from behind; though the worst impediment of all is, naturally, a wind which blows straight against them. When the cold of Northern Europe pursues the hordes of fugitives across England, they are less inclined to wait upon the changes of the weather than when the time is spring and a gulf of intervening sea their barrier. They tend on their winter migrations to direct their flight according to the main features of the landscape. On the day after Christmas, two years ago, enormous numbers of woodpigeons were to be seen streaming westward at mid-day beneath the line of the North Hampshire downs; and every autumn a few of the black and gray hooded crows appear on the eastern border of Surrey, which have apparently followed the line of the North Downs inland from the Medway estuary or the North Foreland, and thus penetrate into inland regions of Southern England where they are seldom seen. In March the hooded crows return, apparently taking the same route back across the North Sea. The southward direction of the great column of route observed by our correspondent near Torquay is perhaps to be explained in the same way, as due to the lie of the land on that part of the coast of Devon; but it is noticeable that, while the birds' direction was described as

being from north to south, the wind was E.N.E., so that here too the migration was taking place at this point with the wind nearly abeam.

The extent of the winter migration closely depends on the weather, and it is the coldest winters to east and to north of us that fill the shores and pools, the woodlands and pastures of England with the strangest company of winter birds. But even in the mildest seasons there is a winter immigration into Britain which is probably on as large a scale as the more familiar movement in spring, though the migrants do not include, as a rule, such a large number of different species. The two migrations are of course reciprocal rather than really distinct. Before the last of our summer house-martins and chiff-chaffs have departed for the south, the earlier winter of Archangel and the Norwegian fjeld is already pouring down the birds of the northern summer to take their places. When spring returns the earliest chiff-chaffs and swallows are often seen and heard by English villagers before the last troops of clacking fieldfares have strung homeward from the tree-dotted pastures. In the heart of the nesting season the wanderings cease except for some few immature or mateless birds. But mid-summer has hardly passed before the old vagrant life of the flock is resumed before our eyes by some composite troop of jackdaws and starlings, with perhaps a few plovers and pigeons, in the new-shorn fields; and from this time onward there is a gradual progress of migration, until the fieldfare and the scoter are seen by land and sea in the place of the swallow and the tern. Nor is either great movement of migration—the southward ebb in winter or the northward flow in spring—by any means confined to those species which are commonly regarded as birds of summer or winter passage. Wood-

pigeons, larks, jackdaws, thrushes, plovers, and very many more of our commonest birds come to us from the north-east in winter with the woodcock and redwings; and many of our home-bred birds of these species go southward with the yellow wagtail and the willow-wren in autumn and return with them in the spring. Because larks and woodpigeons are always with us in numbers, it is impossible to mark the comings and goings of their parties with the same distinctness as the coming of the woodcock or the leaving of the swallow. Yet in all winter weather, and especially at times of violent change, it is a common sight to see the meadows peopled with flocks of starlings, plovers, or jackdaws, which are conspicuously wanderers and strangers, with little apparent knowledge of the lie of the land and the spots where jackdaws or plovers can be comfortable. The starlings and jackdaws flit aimlessly from tree to tree, and the plovers from field to field. They fall to feeding in places where they are quickly disturbed, and spend half a morning in vague and uncertain movements across a mile of ground. A few hours later they are gone; and thus they will keep up a vagrant existence till spring recalls them to the breeding grounds from which they came.

It is this strong instinct of birds to return each year to the same nesting quarters which helps to prevent the most exceptional winter migrations from exercising any considerable influence on the distribution of the different species at the breeding season. There is hardly the remotest chance that, of all the thousands of redwings and fieldfares which last week fled to Devonshire and Cornwall, a single pair will remain, as would many human refugees in similar case, and be found there four months hence. Nor would the chance of their doing so be appre-

ciably increased if the cold weather had lasted until spring, instead of releasing its hold upon them and setting them free to roam back up the country on the southern and western winds of the last ten days. Birds, as a rule, will seek their native land to nest in, or they will die, as thousands do, in the attempt. When there is any distinct spread of a species, it is, as a rule, a very gradual process, resembling the even movement of circles upon a lake rather than the sudden colonization of a remote outpost. Whenever this general rule of stability is either greatly modified or flatly broken, the exception will probably be found to be due to the disturbing influence of man. Of all the multitudes of immigrant birds which now visit England, no flocks of a single species are larger and more conspicuous than those of the wood-pigeon and the starling. In both these cases there is a strong presumption that many of the immigrants have remained here to nest in recent years, the expanding circle of their increase having presumably now reached these islands. These two birds, like the sparrow, are instances of the striking rule that among birds it is the greatest pests of man which prosper most. The reason is not difficult for any one to see who studies the feeding habits of the sparrow and the ringdove. They prosper because they live upon man's labors; in proportion as the earth is more fully tilled their prosperity and numbers increase. The reason for their unpopularity and their prosperity is the same: and the more man hates them, the more he helps them. In the last few years the natural history of the starling has been developing the same curious paradox. Fifteen years ago the starling was a common but not exceedingly numerous bird, and enjoyed the high esteem of human observers for his services in ridding their lawns,

crops, and pastures of mischievous creeping enemies. He is now so abundant that he usurps the nesting-holes in trees and buildings which were formerly sufficient for him and many of his neighbors; and he has simultaneously developed a taste for fruit, especially cherries, which has very widely brought his name into bitter execration. It has been argued that his increasing numbers necessitate his finding new means of livelihood; but,

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even if his fruit-eating is to be regarded as effect rather than cause of his increase in numbers, the same parallel exists as in the case of the sparrow and pigeon. Of all the winter birds which stream across the sky in winter bands from the north, those kinds which are multiplied involuntarily by man to his own increasing detriment rise upon the horizon of English skies with the keenest fascination of wonder.

COQUELIN'S DEATH.

When a man dies quite suddenly in the fullness of his powers, we are apt to think that Fate has been unkind to him. This is a confusion of ideas. Who would not wish, just for his own sake, to die just such a death? The blow by which fate strikes down a flourishing ordinary man is cruel only in its effect on those who were his friends. When a great man is stricken down untimely, then there is a vast number of people to be condoled with—people deprived, without warning, of a treasure that they had thought would be theirs to enjoy for many years. The death of Coquelin may without hyperbole be described as a blow to the whole educated world. And the blow falls most heavily on those who knew the man himself, not merely because they lose in him a delightful friend or acquaintance, but because they were of all people the least prepared for his death. His air of soundness and robustness behind footlights was as nothing to what it was in private life. Sixty-eight years old he was, according to the newspapers. It seems impossible. Time had pushed him into middle age, and then had grown tired of the exertion and had left him standing there unmolested, privileged, a brilliant fixture. He had

the toughness of the peasant, without the tasks that make the peasant grow old. His stout little legs seemed to be rooted in the soil. It was hard to believe that his father had been a baker. One would have said that a bakery was too artificial a place for the production of so earthy and windy a creature as Coquelin. "Intellectual" though he was, he had no "nerves" to trouble him. His brain found all the food it needed in his blood and muscle.

On the stage it was always with his brain alone that he made his effects. He had observed, and studied, and thought, and had thought out the exact means of expression. He never let emotion come between himself and his part—never trusted to imagination or inspiration. These, indeed, are qualities which he did not possess. They are incompatible with absence of "nerves." And it was, I suppose, because he could never surrender himself to a part, was always conscious master of it, that Sarah Bernhardt wrote of him in her memoirs that he was "*plutôt grand acteur que grand artiste.*" Certainly, great emotional acting does demand the power of self-surrender—is a passive rather than an active business. Coquelin, in his writ-

ings and in his talk, was a sturdy champion of Diderot's paradox. And Coquelin, in the last act of "Cyran de Bergerac," was a shining refutation of the truth of that paradox. All the paraphernalia of emotion were in that memorable passage of acting—were there most beautifully and authentically; but emotion itself wasn't there; and many a duffer could have moved us far more than Coquelin did. If Coquelin had been capable of the necessary self-surrender, he would not have been the unapproachable comedian that we loved and revered. It was because his fine brain was absolutely his master that he stood absolutely alone in his mastery of comedic art.

That he has died on the brink of what he believed would be his greatest triumph, and of what probably would have been his greatest triumph, will have seemed to many people an especially cruel fate for him to have suffered. There is no doubt that during the past seven years or so the prospect of "Chantécler" was the very pivot of his being. He had always had, very rightly, and very engagingly, an enormous self-esteem. But its centre of gravity seemed, in the past few years, to have shifted away from the past and present into the future—always the immediate future in which "*cette admirable génie*," Rostand, would complete and let go the MS. of "Chantécler." Years ago, a Frenchman whom I know, and who has a great talent for mimicry, gave me a general "sketch" of Coquelin saying stridently, with his sculptured elocution, "*Moi, je ne parle jamais de moi; par-ce-que*"—whereon followed a series of the most cogent and lucid reasons for Coquelin's avoidance of the topic. Like all the best satire, this satire was based on a sympathetic understanding of its butt. The mimicry could not have been so perfect if the mimic had not been truly

fond of Coquelin. In later years he emended his "sketch": "*Moi, je ne parle jamais de 'Chantécler'; par-ce-que*"—. It was always mainly of "Chantécler" that Coquelin would talk to me whenever in recent years, and wherever, I had the honor of meeting him. And always it was in Dieppe (whither he went annually) that he talked with greatest unction and élan. Always an expansive man, he seemed to expand beyond measure in Dieppe. The manager of the Casino, M. Bloch, was an old and devoted admirer of him and his art, and always placed at his disposal a suite of rooms on the Casino's terrace. Year by year, Coquelin's first appearance on this terrace was a great occasion, semi-royal, but wholly human; a sight that did one's heart good. Splendid in a brand-new white yachting-cap and a pair of brand-new white shoes, and swinging in his hand a brand-new white umbrella, he came forth into the sunshine—sunshine than which he was more dazzling to the abonnés. "That's he!" or "That's him!" whispered the English ones. "Voilà la saison qui commence," murmured the French ones, with a smile that failed to conceal awe. And he, "*la saison*," was a picture of happiness, as he stood inaugurally there, with a plump thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat, and with his head thrown back at the well-known angle, snuffing the ozone through those great comedic nostrils. After he had stood awhile, he would make his progress along the terrace, flanked on either side by some friend or henchman for whose benefit he talked and talked, slowly, impressively, delightedly. "*Moi, je ne parle jamais de 'Chantécler'; par-ce-que*" . . . Now and again he would pause to salute or accost a passing friend, but always thereafter resumed the thread of his discourse. It was a pleasure to watch the splendid mobile mask that was his face; and the pleasure was

greater when you yourself were elected as a companion—as a receiver of laws laid down by him in a voice that was like the twanging of a violincello, and of theories elaborated in a penetrating whisper and with the cunningest of smiles. His manner alone would have sufficed for edification. But it was a strong and subtle brain, Coquelin's, and what he said was always as good as the way he said it. To converse with him might have been rather up-hill work. I fancy he was not a man to encourage interruptions. But I may be wrong. I was never tempted to interrupt; so well worth while was it to listen.

The last time I saw him, which was five months ago, he was fuller than ever of "Chantécler"—the beauties of it, the inspiring difficulties of it. He spoke especially of the scene in which he, as the cock, would call upon the sun to rise, and would address it, as it rose, in a speech of more than a hundred alexandrines. With tremendous relish he recited two or three score of these, but keeping his face absolutely expressionless, and keeping his hands behind his back. For there was the prime glorious difficulty; to hold the audience solely through the voice, since the face and hands would be hidden by the complete outfit of a cock. Once or twice he scraped the ground with his foot. That was the only gesture a cock would have. . . His little eyes shone and danced with delight as he dilated on "le besoin d'achever l'impossible." He declared that Fate had been very good to him in giving him in his old age an absolutely new task, to make him young again. Rostand had all but finished now, at last—only a few more touches to be added by "cette admirable génie"! The piece

would be produced in the autumn—oh yes, for certain.

I admit I was inwardly sceptical about that date. Coquelin himself, through his bitter experience of the coyness of "cette admirable génie," may have had doubts, too; but these he would not have admitted even to himself, dear sanguine soul! When autumn passed into winter, and still there was no imminence of "Chantécler," I was not surprised. But sooner or later, thought I, in this long-drawn contest between a nervous poet and a sanguine actor-burgess the victory would be to the sanguine actor-burgess. Sooner or later—and it turned out to be sooner. Last week I heard that the nervous poet had come out from the Pyrenees, with his wife, and his sons, and his sons' tutor, and his doctor, and his valet, and his chauffeur, and with "Chantécler" itself, and had made his entry into Paris. My heart was glad for Coquelin. I could imagine his look of triumph. I could imagine him throwing off his "grippe" in a twinkling. . . . Even now I can hardly imagine him dead—dead by such a master-stroke of irony. It seems impossible that Fate should not have spared him to drink the cup she had at last raised to his lips.

A terrible master-stroke, certainly. But terrible for us, not for the man stricken. He died without warning in the midst of his gladness; a death that is to be envied. And who knows that the cup raised to his lips was not a cup of bitterness? "Achever l'impossible"! Would even Coquelin have achieved it? He might have failed, even he. And that would have, figuratively, broken his heart. Perhaps it is well for him and us that he died as he did die, literally of heart-failure.

Max Beerbohm.

THE AMERICAN OF TO-DAY.*

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University in New York, and one of the ablest and most distinguished of American organizers and educationists, delivered three lectures on the United States before the University of Copenhagen last September, and here we have them reprinted in a small neat book. As he says, it is difficult for a man to speak dispassionately of his own country,—to hold the balance between the strong and the weak. "My task was less ambitious and less difficult," he goes on; "it was . . . to set out some of the aspects of American life and to draw, in large lines, a picture of that part of present-day civilization which the world knows as American." We do not quite see why this was "less difficult." If there were no attempt to strike a balance in writing of "present-day civilization," these papers would be uncritical, and therefore without much value. But of course President Butler's mind is always critical, and, fortunately, he has done what his preface appears to disclaim. He gives us a very interesting axiom to begin with: that to understand the government and the intellectual and moral temper of Americans to-day one must know thoroughly the writings and speeches of three Americans,—Alexander Hamilton, Lincoln, and Emerson. We wonder how many Americans would have said this of Hamilton a generation ago. The exaltation of his reputation has been very noticeable and rapid lately, and we are glad to think that it is sanctioned by the English-speaking peoples of two worlds. Perhaps we ought to be surprised that the first place, even so, is given to Hamilton; but really

we find ourselves a little more surprised that Emerson is named among the three. We do not question his fitness to be there, but we fancied that Matthew Arnold's half-hearted appreciation represented the modern opinion of Americans about Emerson, and that he would be placed just outside a list of three. Lists of favorite characters and authors are always fascinating, even when they are as futile as lists of "the hundred best books," because they are a revelation of at least one man's mind. In the third and last of President Butler's papers we come on a list of the ten greatest men of America:—

If the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were searched for great spirits and great intelligences of the highest rank America could furnish perhaps ten,—not altogether a bad showing for a people so new, with economic and political tasks of such magnitude pressing for accomplishment, which tasks, almost of necessity, drew the highest talent to themselves, and away from science, art, and letters. These ten would, in my judgment, be Jonathan Edwards, philosopher and theologian; Benjamin Franklin, man of the world; George Washington, father of his country! Alexander Hamilton, statesman and political philosopher; Thomas Jefferson, leader of the people; John Marshall, jurist; Daniel Webster, orator and publicist; Abraham Lincoln, whom Lowell significantly called "the first American"; Ralph Waldo Emerson, teacher of religion and morals; and Willard Gibbs, mathematician and physicist. Perhaps two other names should be added: Francis Parkman, historian, and William Dwight Whitney, philologist.

We shall certainly not dispute the list. It is a very sound one, and one also of States." By Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod, Apostolic Protonotary, P.D.H.H., K.C.I.C. London: John Murray. [12s. net.]

* (1) "The American as He Is." By Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. London: Macmillan and Co. [4s. net.]—(2) "The Inner Life of the United

which both branches of the English-speaking race may feel proud. It is interesting to note how intensely English in origin is every name in the list.

President Butler lays it down that there is a distinct type of American. "A political type," he calls him. If this be so, and we think the statement is reasonable, it is remarkable that a country with over eighty million people (mixed people, too) should have developed a type. In the last few years it has become the fashion to say that Russia could not possibly have a fixed type of character because she is so large and the social and climatic conditions are so various. It is true that Russia is a long way off having a type; but if America has one, the existence of one everywhere else is not inconceivable. What is the source of this identity of American feeling amid all the divergent elements? The chief cause, in President Butler's opinion, and we agree with him, is the Anglo-Saxon impulse, which persists in spite of all dilution of the original stock. America is repeating the history of England in selecting for absorption the better qualities of several contributors to the national character. Out of diversity comes forth strength. President Butler says:

The English language overrules the immigrant's native tongue, if not in the first generation, certainly in the second and the English common law, with its statutory amendments and additions, displaces the immigrant's customs of life and trade with a rapidity that is truly astonishing.

Another unifying force is inter-State migration:—

It is no unusual thing in America to find a family of which the grandparents live in New England or New York, the parents in the Middle West, and some or all of the children in the Rocky Mountain States or in Oklahoma or Texas.

As President Butler proceeds, some of the causes he discovers seem to us, we must admit, less sound. They are true in a way, no doubt, but do they deserve the precise value which cataloguing inevitably assigns to them? This "Inter-State migration" which we have just mentioned, for example, is only another way of saying that railways obliterate old boundaries, and this is true of all modern countries. If the States produce a unity of American feeling by carrying on a general exchange of citizens, they notoriously prevent the accomplishment of complete unity by the jealousy with which they prosecute their "State rights" in antagonism to the Federal laws. Newspapers, again, are said to be a unifying force. In a sense they are so everywhere. But America has more newspapers than any other country, and we are inclined to say that in an imperfect world the more newspapers there are the less unity there is likely to be. France might be cited as an example of an "over-newspaperized" country where every new print excites a new faction. It is rather to the credit of Americans that unity should prevail in spite of the newspapers. Finally, President Butler says that the two great political parties are a unifying force. At first sight this seems rather like saying that the Cavaliers and Roundheads were unifying forces. Of course there is a sort of unity of policy between the Republicans and the Democrats just now, the latter having stolen Mr. Roosevelt's thunder; but that is not what President Butler means. We suppose that nothing is too fissiparous to become unifying in the long run, if only by force of reaction. President Butler emphasises the masonic-like cordiality with which Republicans and Democrats greet their own political comrades all over the country. If this does not necessarily make national unity, it at all events

makes unity in two hostile camps. We remember hearing a great deal a few years ago about the intense jealousy between the West and the East. The East was supposed to disregard Western requirements, and, indeed, to be utterly ignorant of them, besides being supercilious, and so forth. Let us hope that that is all past, as President Butler does not mention it.

The passages with which we are most inclined to disagree are those in which, though he regrets the divorce between political life and some of the best elements in the country President Butler appears to think of that divorce as inevitable. At least that seems to be the sense of the following passage:—

Only occasionally, as in the case of Secretary Root or the late Governor Russell of Massachusetts, or a very few leading members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, do men of the highest intellectual and moral type enter the government service and remain in it. There are many reasons for this regrettable fact, but it is mentioned now only to emphasize the point that in America the words "governmental" and "public" are by no means interchangeable. In America many undertakings, many policies, many men, are in every true sense of the word public, in that they represent the public and rest upon its will, without having any direct relation to the government at all. Great, therefore, as is the unifying and uniting influence of the government of the United States, its policies and its activities, the unifying and uniting forces and influences outside of the government are more numerous and more powerful still. They are educational, social, and economic, and they are ceaselessly and tirelessly at work.

There is a dangerous implication in praising extra-Governmental agencies as though they were among the permanent institutions on which the country depended for its salvation. The United

States, as all men know, has prospered and been a noble force in the world in spite of carrying a pack of corruption on her back. But that is one of the fortunate paradoxes of history which cannot be allowed to have the force of a principle. If the best men do not lay upon themselves the duty of public service in all the offices of Government, the reputation of America as a benign force will not last indefinitely. Happily there are already signs that social esteem may at last be won by a political career, and if that is not putting the matter on the highest grounds, it is at least a healthy sign. President Butler is himself, in any case, one of those "voluntary" forces, as he calls them, outside the Government which preserve and sweeten the life of the whole country.

We cannot do more than mention briefly the book of Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod, a Hungarian ecclesiastic who is well known to a good many Americans. It has not the serious value of President Butler's papers, and yet we may mention it as a readable account of American life for persons who know little about it. We ought to say, however, that the title needs some explanation. The phrase "inner life" suggests that the book gives a close or intimate view of American affairs. Really the book is a broad survey; although it always has the impress of a cultivated and good-tempered observer, it is necessarily superficial. In the last chapter a good deal of what has been said in previous pages is repeated. Some of the generalizations clash curiously with those of President Butler. Take the question of money-making, for example, which strikes the foreigner as one of the obsessions of American life. President Butler exonerates his countrymen, explaining that the money is, as it were, only an incident in the gratification of a strong native impulse to work

hard. The money when gained is used as a "toy," or to good ends. In support of this view we may say that Americans certainly lose money with better grace than any nationality we know. But Count Vay de Vaya has a whole chapter on "Money-Making and Spending." He quotes characteristic money-makers as saying:—

"We knew neither respite nor rest; we sacrificed our youth and made our life hard. As the years passed we

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neglected everything that did not contribute to our material prosperity. Consequently, our inner selves deteriorated, and we became callous, until now we have no power to enjoy the fruits of our endeavor." "Certainly," said another, "we Americans know how to *make* more money than you do, but you *spend* it infinitely better." I noted these remarks as being uttered in all sincerity. In their simplicity these *cris du cœur* are so many precious documents.

HOW THE GOOD NEWS WAS MADE.

"Am I disgracefully late?" whispered Phyllis's mother to our mother, as she came into church alone. (Phyllis is staying with an aunt in Australia.) "I had five letters from Australia, and I simply had to read them all before I could start."

"Really?" whispered our mother with unfeigned interest.

"Yes, five," said Phyllis's mother, beaming. "And I do hope your rheumatism is better."

"Phyllis is engaged," said our mother to us at lunch.

"At last!" said sister Amy. "How relieved Phyllis's mother will be!" said sister Margy. "How do you know?" said I.

"Phyllis's mother told me that she had five letters from Australia this morning," said our mother, as if no further evidence was required.

"But . . ." said I.

"I could see by the way she said it. Of course she is engaged."

"Of course she is," said Amy.

"Of course," said Margy. Thereupon I withdrew, as I was clearly intended to withdraw, from active part in the conversation.

"One of the letters would be from Phyllis," said Amy, "written before he

proposed. She would say that it was still raining and she was enjoying herself frightfully and didn't want to come home a bit. She would write that in the afternoon, and they would go out and post it together. On the way back he would propose, and she would write another letter to catch the same mail. They would go out and post that together. She would be so pleased that she wouldn't mind the extra stamp a bit, and he would think it was the nicest pillar-box he had ever seen."

"Two," said Margy. "The third would be from him, saying what a lucky man he was, and what a sweet girl Phyllis was, and might he come to England to see Phyllis's mother, and Phyllis said if he did he would fall more in love with her than he was with her, and what a sweet girl Phyllis was, and what a lucky man he was."

"The fourth would be from the aunt, telling Phyllis's mother all about his family, with just a postscript to say how glad Phyllis's mother will be, and what a blow it will be to lose her daughter."

"The fifth would be from the uncle, with just a few words about the financial position and all the rest about his cold."

"Whose cold?" I asked.

"The uncle's, of course. I suppose Phyllis's mother will write to Phyllis, saying she cannot bear the idea of losing her"

"Having sent her out for no other purpose!"

. . . . and though she doesn't want to spoil Phyllis's happiness she cannot promise anything yet. Then she will write to him a letter, more kind than enthusiastic, saying what a treasure Phyllis is, and that she does not know whether she can see her way to parting with her daughter."

"Isn't it possible . . . ?" said I, boldly.

"No, it isn't," snapped Amy. "Leave him alone; he is only a man. I wish he would go on overeating himself, and not interfere in things he doesn't understand. What shall we wear?"

My sisters went to tea with the De Wintons in the afternoon (with intent) and the De Wintons always sup with the Priestleys on Sunday nights. Violet Priestley is engaged to Jack Hammond, and I met Grace Hammond in town on Monday afternoon.

"I have some news for you," she said, "if you will promise not to tell a soul. I oughtn't really to tell anyone, but you are different." I did not promise anything, but that did not seem to make any difference. "Phyllis is engaged. Isn't it a good thing? Fancy if she had been sent out all the way to Austria for nothing!"

Punch.

"Or worse still to Australia!" said I.

"He is a tall dark man with a black moustache. His father is a judge, and his family is the oldest in the colony. Phyllis had written to her mother about coming home, and he went with her to post the letter. On the way back she told him what the letter was about (wasn't it clever of her?) and he proposed then and there. He has written to Phyllis's mother, and promised to settle on Phyllis but I mustn't say how much. Phyllis is coming home at once, and he is going to put his farm straight and follow by the next boat. The wedding will be early in January, and immediately afterwards they are going back to America."

"Why don't they try Australia?" I suggested.

"Same thing," she said. "What do you think of it all, and what am I to wear?"

Later I met Phyllis's mother.

"They tell me," I said, "that you had five letters from Australia yesterday. Let me congratulate you heartily."

"Thank you very much," she said. "I love letters from a distance, and it is nice to hear from one's little nephews and nieces. Five separate letters describing a children's party they had been to. But I do wish they'd tell me something about Phyllis and when she thinks of coming home."

THE PRINCESS AND THE MESSENGER BOY.

It was long past midnight when Miss Dorothy, a fairy princess in sheeny satin and shoes of silver, swept down the staircase of the house in Onslow Gardens. The dance was still in full progress, and the music of the violins throbbed from the open doors of the drawing room.

"You are going early," said Dorothy's last partner. "May I not see you home?"

"No, thank you. My protector will have come for me. Ah, there he is!"

The cavalier in question was on a chair in a corner of the hall; asleep. He wore the badge and belts of a Dis-

trict Messenger, and was fifteen years old though he looked younger.

"Mother is not well enough to take me to dances," Dorothy explained: "and father won't go. So they send a messenger-boy with a taxi to bring me home. Would you mind waking him while I get my cloak?"

The Messenger Boy rubbed his eyes and looked up sleepily when the young man shook his shoulder. He was very tired. He had been running about through many hours; and he was rather hungry, for his supper, taken some time ago, had been light. Consequently he was less impressed by the beatific vision of Dorothy, with her golden hair, and her golden cloak thrown back from her white bosom, than by the glimpse of tables spread with food seen through a half-opened door. Then he sighed and touched his forehead and applied himself to his responsibilities.

He went out and sought the taxicab and held the door open while Dorothy got in. She lay back and thought of her dances while the vehicle hummed smoothly through the streets. The Messenger Boy sat on the seat beside the chauffeur and thought—of bed.

When the cab drew up by the curb in Warwick Square he jumped down and rang the bell and offered a hand to help the young lady out. But Dorothy shrank from the grimy touch on her garments and passed by him up the steps and into the house. Somebody came out and paid the driver and gave Dorothy's chaperon the sum of eighteen pence.

The cab gilded away and the Messenger Boy was left standing alone on the damp pavement. He put the money in his leather satchel, and began his journey to Walworth where his parents lived.

He strode sturdily along, though with dragging feet, through Lupus Street, and across Vauxhall Bridge

Road and down through narrow and darkling ways in Westminster, till he emerged under the gleam of the electric lamps shedding their white radiance upon the vacant spaces of the Embankment and the dusky levels of the river. As he turned to cross the road, a horrible figure, slouching along in filthy rags, lurched against him. "Garn, you young limb!" said a voice, hoarse from bronchitis and drink. "What d'yer mean by shoving a honest working-man? Get out of my way, you ——" But the volley of blasphemy was lost on the Messenger Boy, who put on a spurt across the bridge to catch the County Council tram waiting at the other end.

The car was already full inside with late workers going home, and the Messenger Boy shivered in the dank air as he dozed on the roof. He was chilled and stiff when he descended, and dragged himself wearily through some back streets to that one of the row of shabby cottages which was his Home.

With his latch-key, for his profession required him to possess this token of emancipation, he opened the door, and stole as softly as his thick boots allowed into the little chamber he shared with his two younger brothers. But a baby cried in the next room, and a woman's voice was heard soothing it, and he knew that he was not the only person awake.

"Mother!" he called through the thin partition; "I am so hungry. Ain't you left nothing out for me?"

"No, Tommy; your father come in late and he hadn't had nothing since his dinner, so he ate up all the bread and cheese. Go to sleep like a good boy, and I will get out in the morning and bring you in a kipper."

Tommy sighed once more. Then he kicked off his muddy boots and piled his uniform on the broken-backed chair already encumbered with the vest-

ments of his brethren, and got into bed, and drew the patched counterpane over him; and presently there descended upon him the infinite blessing of Sleep. But to his unawakened young soul there came no vision of the Fairy Princess in satin and silver. Instead, he dreamed of a raised pie seen through the open door in Warwick Square, and of a great dish heaped with pink and white pastry and small delicious tarts.

It was past ten o'clock the next morning when Tommy, white and wearied but with a good appetite consumed the kipper and a big hunch of bread anointed with margarine. Being on evening duty he could permit himself the luxury of a late breakfast. It was about the same time that the maid entered the warm and fragrant

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little room in which Dorothy reposed, drew back the window-curtains to let in the wintry sun, and placed a tray by the bedside. The girl sat up and yawned and stretched round white arms from her frillings.

"I have brought you your breakfast miss," said the maid. "Your mother said that you had better have it in bed. I hope you enjoyed the ball."

"Oh, it was all right; rather a dull lot, and some of the men couldn't dance a step. Will you pour out the tea, please, and give me some of that omelette? I must be getting up soon. Let me see. Yes: Mummy and I are lunching out, and after that we shall be rehearsing for those theatricals all the afternoon, and then, you know, we have some people coming to dinner. I shall have quite a hard day."

Sidney Low.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Fred J. Brownscombe, superintendent of schools at Montpelier, Vt., has compiled an unpretentious but very useful little volume, "State Control of Courses of Study," which is a digest of the laws of the several states of the Union and of foreign countries relating to this subject. A survey of Recent Legislation is added; and in an appendix are summarized regulations regarding religious instruction and the grading of school systems. Silver, Burdett & Co.

The sixth volume of "The Works of James Buchanan," edited by Mr. John Bassett Moore, and published in a limited edition by the J. P. Lippincott Co., covers the years 1844-1846. It contains the last of the speeches and letters connected with his career in the Senate, and the state papers and correspondence of the opening years of his

service as Secretary of State under President Polk. His speeches on the burning question of the annexation of Texas are the most important in the earlier part of the volume. Scattered through the weightier letters and papers, as in the earlier volumes, are a number of personal letters, among them an almost flirtatious letter written to Mrs. Judge Caton, and several familiar epistles to his niece, Harriet Lane. These personal letters are quite as self-revealing as the more formal letters and papers.

Opinions may vary as to the novels which Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., has written in opposition to attempts to demonstrate the equality of the white and colored races, but there can be no doubt as to the patriotic intention of his "Comrades," in which he shows the probable history of a colony conducted

on the principles colloquially termed socialistic. The leader is the son of a millionaire who secretly furnishes the necessary capital, in full confidence that experience will teach the young man the folly of his theories, and he is not disappointed. The colonists take their selfishness and greediness and all their other weaknesses into the colony, and have to furnish themselves with a jail, before the shrewdest of their number accomplishes the deposition of the leader and the seizure of the community funds. The author is moderate and fair, and both in its arguments and in its arrangement of events the book should be valuable in counteracting the sophisms of the socialist orators. Doubleday, Page & Co.

A. C. McClurg & Co.'s spring list includes a story of stage life entitled "Bill Truetell," by George H. Brennan, illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg; "The Delafield Affair," a stirring tale of the Southwest, by Florence Finch Kelly, with illustrations in color by Maynard Dixon; "Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons," a new collection of old tales of California, by Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, illustrated and decorated by Langdon Smith; a history and forecast of the Panama Canal, entitled "The World United," by John George Leigh, a London engineer and specialist on the canal; two important studies of the East, "Letters from China," by Sarah Pike Conger, wife of the late Minister to China, and "The Empire of the East," an illustrated description of Japan, by H. B. Montgomery; "A Summer in Touraine," a superbly illustrated study of the old chateaux of the Loire, by Frederick Lees; "A Summer Garden of Pleasure," by Mrs. Stephen Batson, with thirty-six colored illustrations by Osmund Pittman; "The Point of View" and "A Talk on Relaxation," two short studies by Alice K. Fallows,

who is associated with her father, Bishop Samuel Fallows, in the Emmanuel Movement in Chicago; and two helpful books for young men, "Making the Most of Ourselves," a second series of talks by Calvin Dill Wilson, and "True Manhood," by Cardinal Gibbons.

If Mr. H. Fielding Hall were one of the commercial authors who pursue their attempt at art with one eye on the least fastidious readers, he would have given his "One Immortality" a title revealing its character, which is that of a study of marriage, instead of calling it by a name signifying to the flippant "something pious," therefore something to be avoided. So much the better perhaps for those who, knowing the author's style and spirit, are desirous of reading anything which he writes, but are not yearning to hear prattle concerning it! "One Immortality" tells of a voyage from Trieste to India with a choice company of passengers; a perfectly mated husband and wife; a Hindu girl and her two suitors, a Dane, and a dark man who came from Venice; an ill-mated couple, and a girl wooed by a soldier and a dreamer, and a group of nuns. As they pass along the tideless sea, landing occasionally at the important places, they hold debate, on themselves and on marriage, and their opinions tend to one centre that true love is immortality, one life, one death, one immortality, and in time the two fore-ordained for one another perceive the purpose of their being and the pretty story is ended. The characterizations of the various cities, of the scenery, of the peoples observed during the voyage are original and impressive and the story deserves repeated readings. The Macmillan Co.

In recent years, the American, duly adjured thereto by his English cousins,

his continental friends, and Irish guests disappointed in his method of housekeeping, has made many resolute efforts to see himself as others see him, to put himself in the place of others, in short, to modify his ancestral conviction that he is the wisest, greatest, and best meaning of mankind, and to this end he has written many books of varying worth, and his advisers have pronounced them good, and have bidden him to continue on the road to perfection. The only objection to his course and to his books is that they are approved only by his advisers, and are vigorously or shrinkingly condemned by his own offspring, who decline to revise or reform their self-estimate. Further, his lapse from conceit and its secondary effects having been observed by shrewd politicians, voters are now adjured to favor only those candidates who, making no declaration of principles in any of the thousand questions earnestly demanding national attention, shout incessant salutation to the national virtues and glories, and so upon the whole, the country is less humble than it was. Those who like not the attitude, may possibly hope for reform from the works of outsiders, and in Mr. A. G. Bradley's "The Making of Canada" they will find one worthy of their attention. Its value is perceptibly diminished by its author's apprehension of its possible effect upon American readers, and his almost continuous efforts to throw discredit upon their historians, their records and the official reports, military and naval, but this inclination is in itself a revelation and should be patiently examined and considered. Mr. Bradley's book continues his "Fight with France for North America," and covers the period from 1763 to 1815, not confining itself strictly to frontier matters, but tracing the causes of various American expeditions and movements of both wars

to their sources, and particularly describing the royalist migration during and after the Revolution. American general ignorance of modern Canada is less profound than it was in the days when the tourist and the guide-book were the chief sources of instruction, but this migration can never be a topic agreeable to Americans, and the shrewd maker of school books disposes of it in so few words that Americans will be surprised to find Mr. Bradley devoting more than a hundred pages to its study, and possibly somewhat chagrined by his enthusiastic praise of the merits of these exiles. Whether or not he accepts the author's opinions, he must at least read them carefully, and endeavor to estimate the value to the United States of the element confessed to be the best in contemporary Canada. Similarly in reading the descriptions of the battles, skirmishes, sieges of the war of 1812-15 and in the reasons given for the burning of Washington, he must pocket his pride and endeavor to see with Canadian eyes, and he cannot but confess that Mr. Bradley's reasons for various actions and movements shape them into a consistent whole much easier to understand than the ordinary rather disjointed American narrative. Mr. Bradley has had access to the papers of the British war office, and to the private correspondence of governors general, and commanding officers, and has found a great variety of interesting details, necessarily excluded from the condensed brief histories of the Dominion, and his book will be highly valuable to Canadians. Its chief use to Americans, as has been said, is to guide them to revise their opinions of themselves. The history of America is not so poor in honor or glory that her sons need covet an atom not universally acknowledged as theirs.
E. P. Dutton & Co.